

Republic Pictures' Star

A Fawcett Publication

ROCKY LANE

Featuring His Stallion BLACK JACK

WESTERN

AUGUST

10¢

NO. 4



IN
THIS ISSUE:
**RAIL
RAIDERS'
RAMPAGE!**

BIG 52 PAGES

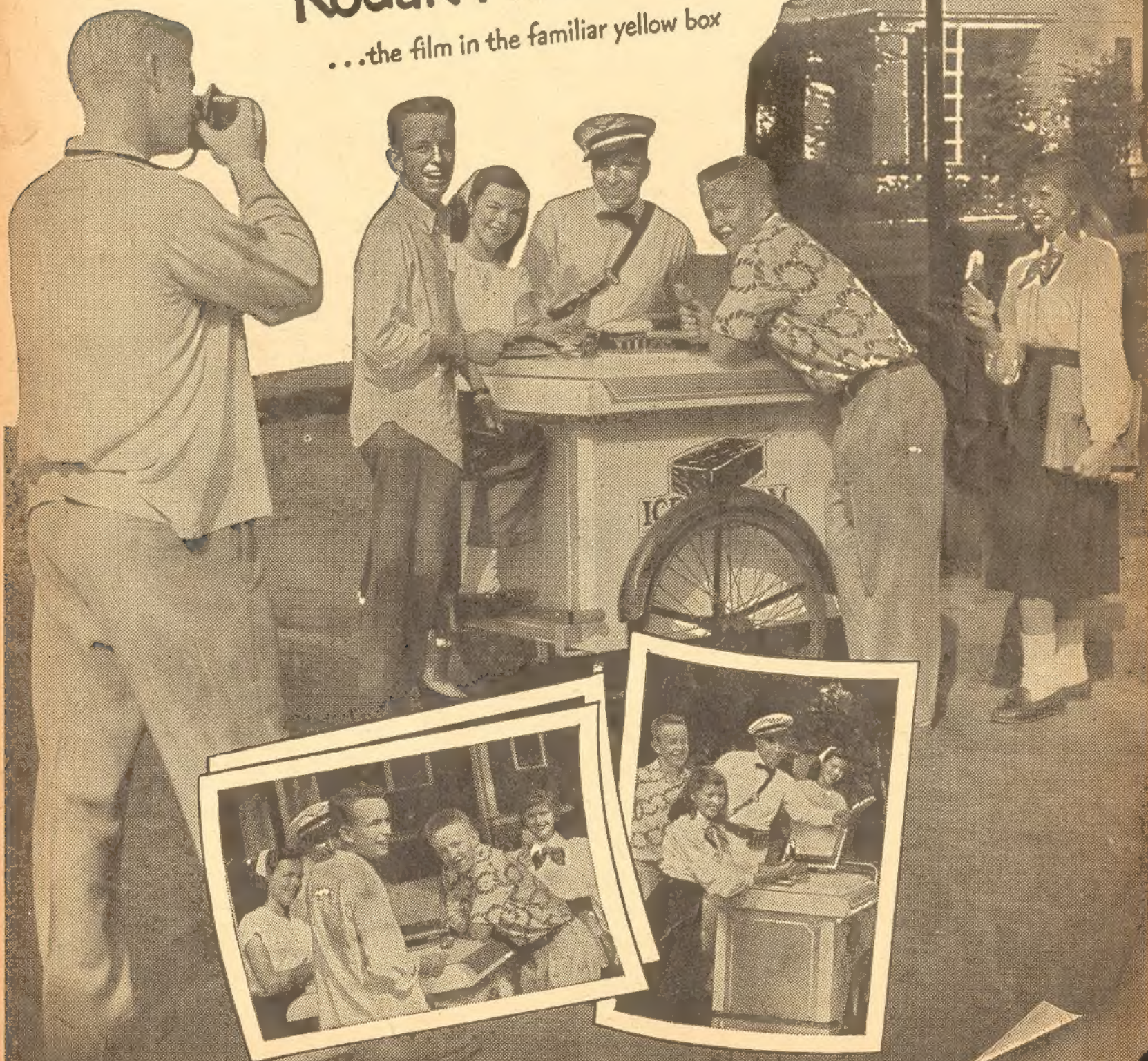
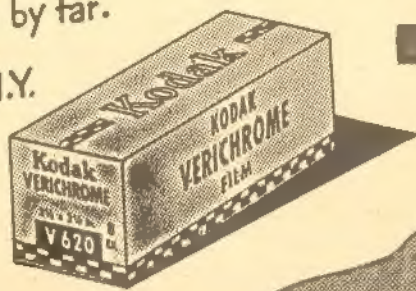
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ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

RAIL RAIDERS' RAMPAGE



ROCKY LANE, STERLING YOUNG ACE UNDERCOVER MARSHAL, REPORTS TO HEADQUARTERS.....

TWO RAILROAD OUTFITS HAVE BEEN AUTHORIZED BY CONGRESS TO BUILD THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD. ONE LINE IS PUSHING WEST FROM THE EAST, THE OTHER IS LAYING ITS LINE FROM THE WEST TOWARD THE EAST!

RIVALRY SPELLS TROUBLE, CHIEF!



Brawny bodies and stout hearts bending back the frontiers of the Wild West! Civilization on the march, girdling the uncharted plains and the mountain fastness with ribbons of steel--- while renegades hurl Redmen against White thru a haze of gun-smoke for the greed of **GOLD**---until the indomitable **ROCKY LANE** deals himself in the grim game to play a lone hand in the gripping drama of

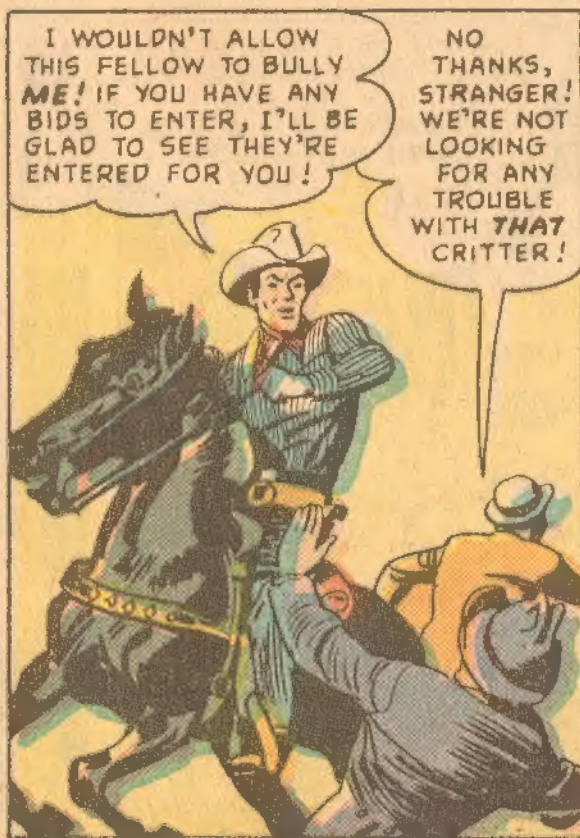
RAIL RAIDERS' RAMPAGE!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



AT THAT MOMENT IN THE CAMP.... SEEDS OF TROUBLE ARE GERMINATING IN THE MIND OF BULL REARDON!

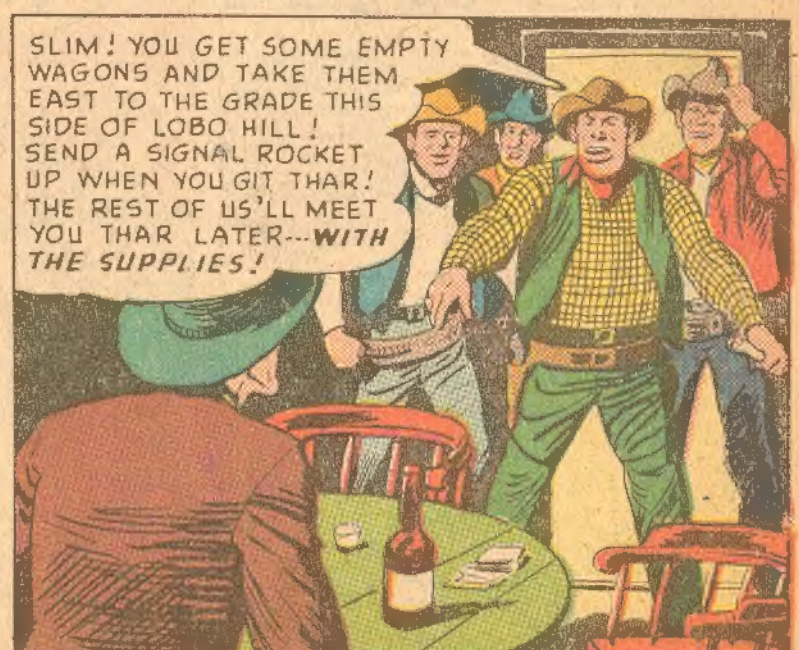
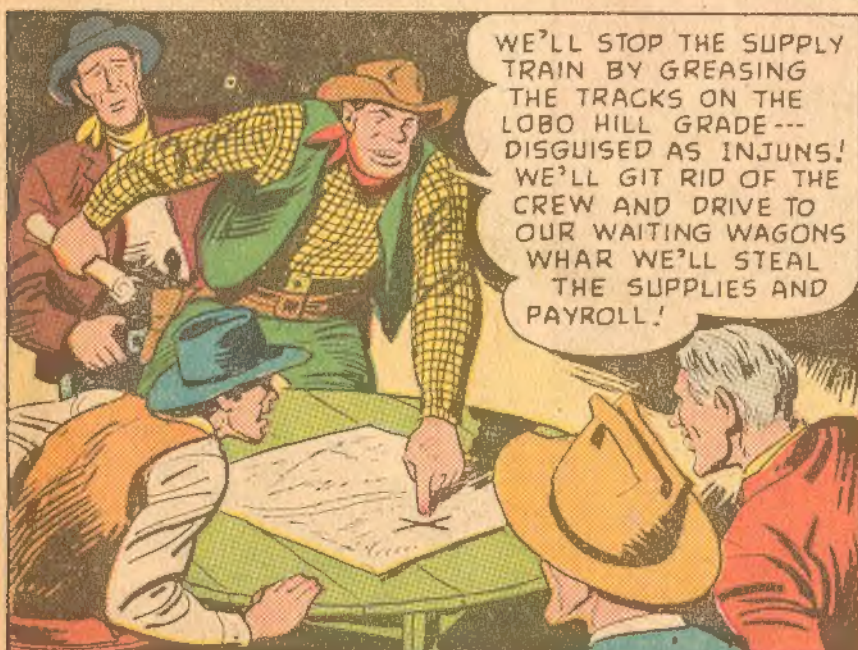
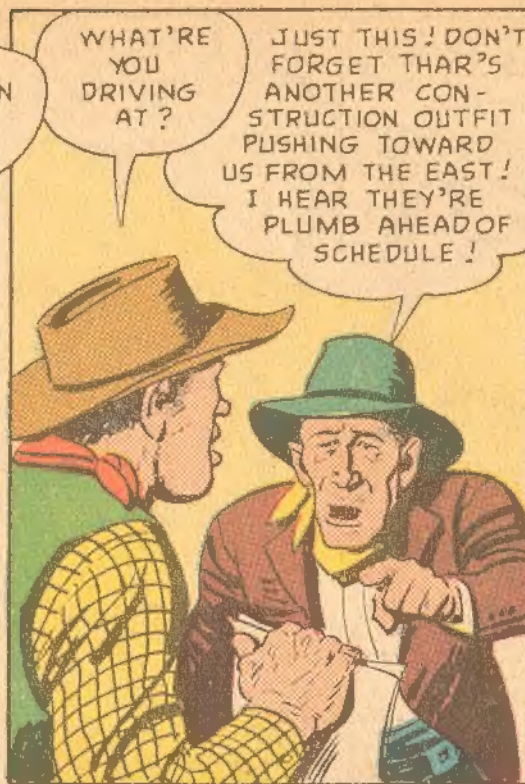


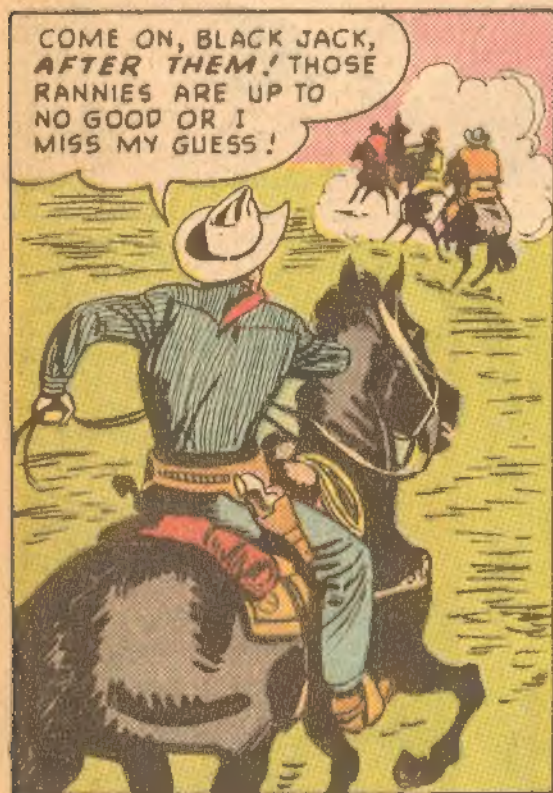
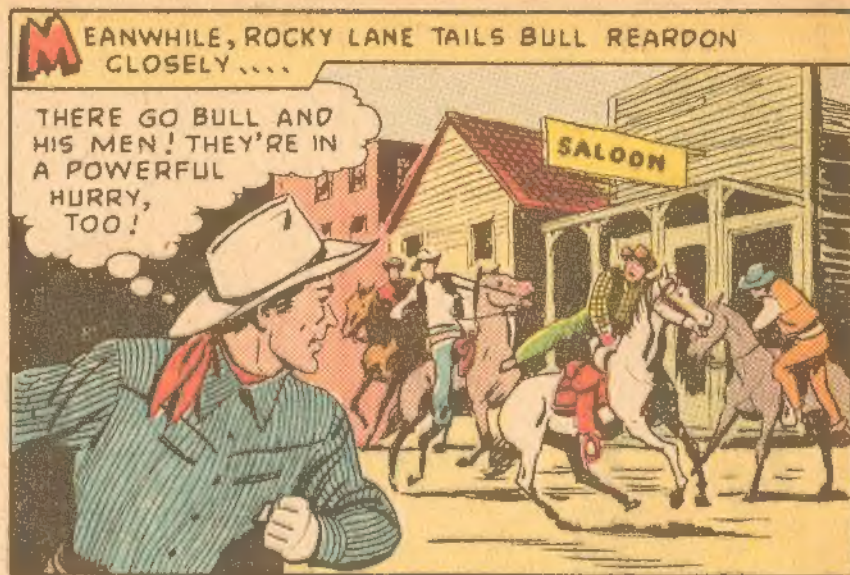


ROCKY LANE WESTERN

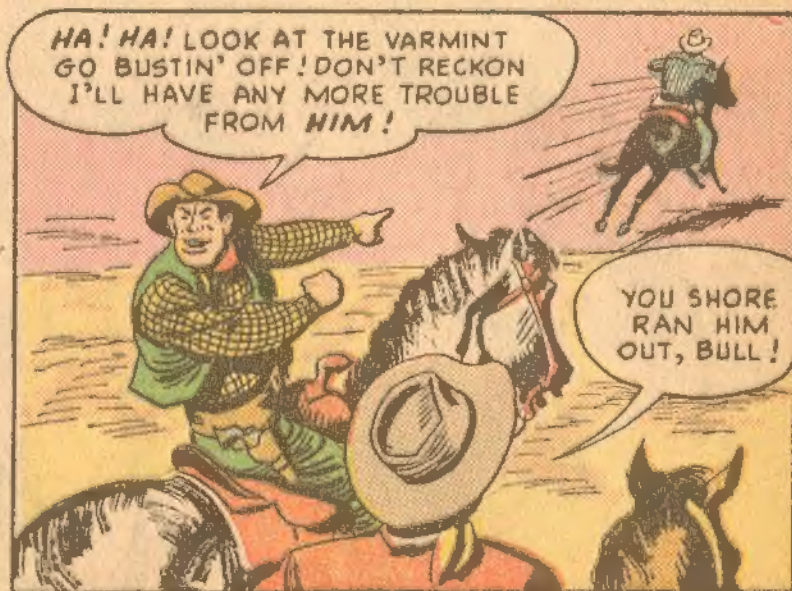
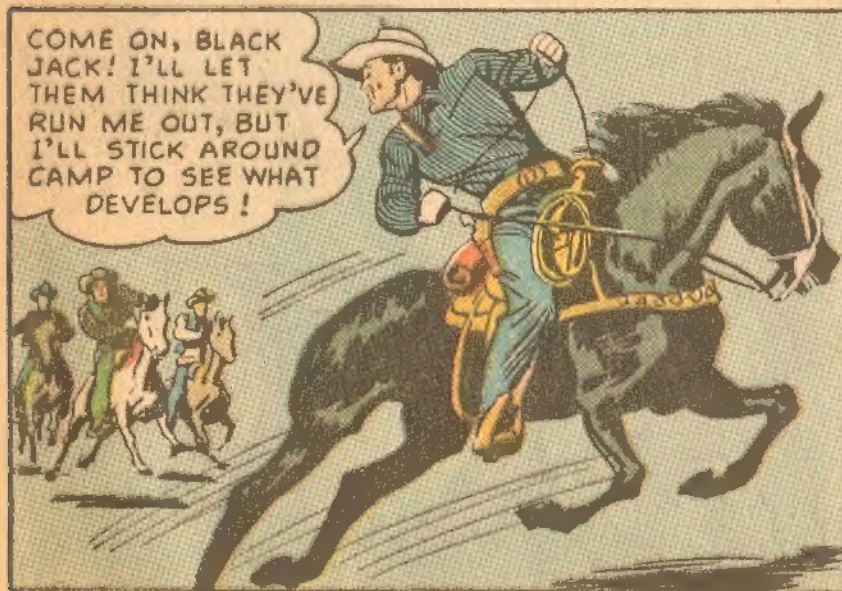
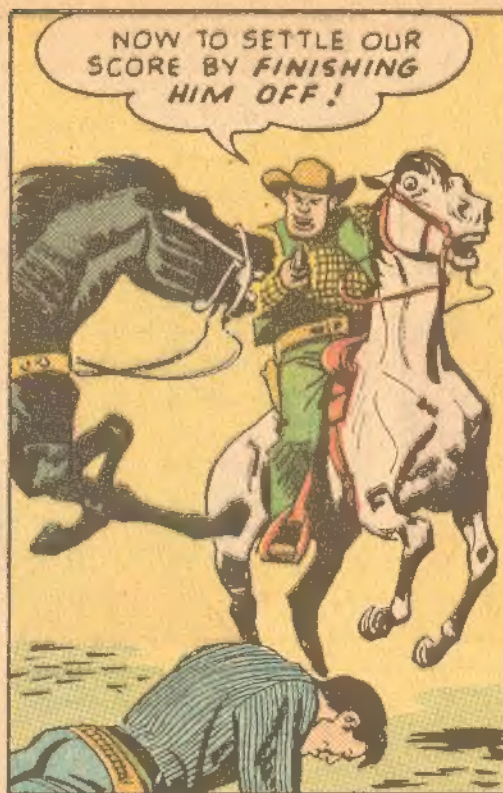


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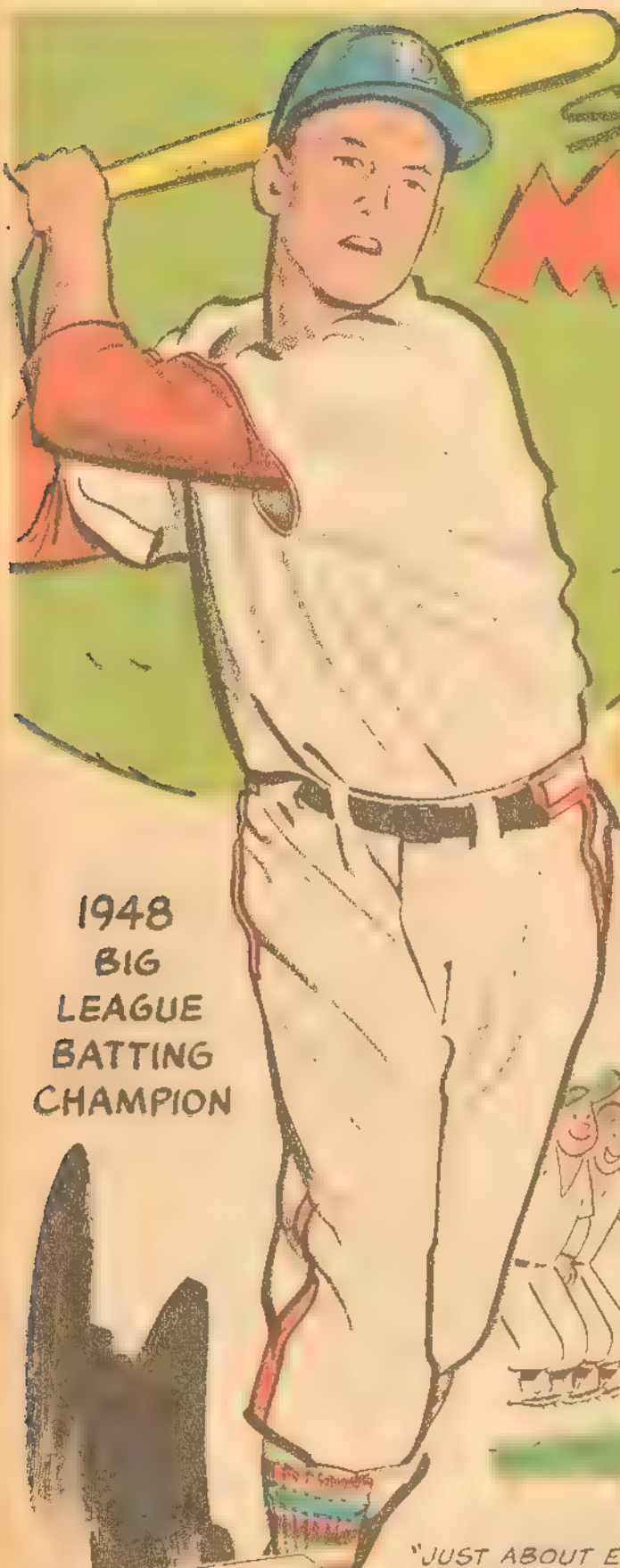




ROCKY LANE WESTERN







Stan
MUSIAL

I COULDN'T EVEN
GET HIM OUT WITH
THIS!

OPPOSING
PITCHERS SAY STAN "CAN'T BE FOOLED -
HITS EVERYTHING!" MUSIAL'S SIZZLING
.376 AVERAGE WAS HIGHEST
IN NATIONAL LEAGUE
SINCE 1935.

MUSIAL
JUST BATTED
ANOTHER PITCHER
OUT OF THE
BOX!

MUSIAL PROVED BIGGEST
HEADACHE TO PITCHERS
WITH RUNNERS ON BASE.
DONORA, PA. "DYNAMITER"
DROVE IN 131 RUNS LAST SEASON
WITH 230 HITS.

YEAH,
STAN EATS
WHEATIES

1948
BIG
LEAGUE
BATTING
CHAMPION

HEY, YA
DROPPED
ONE!

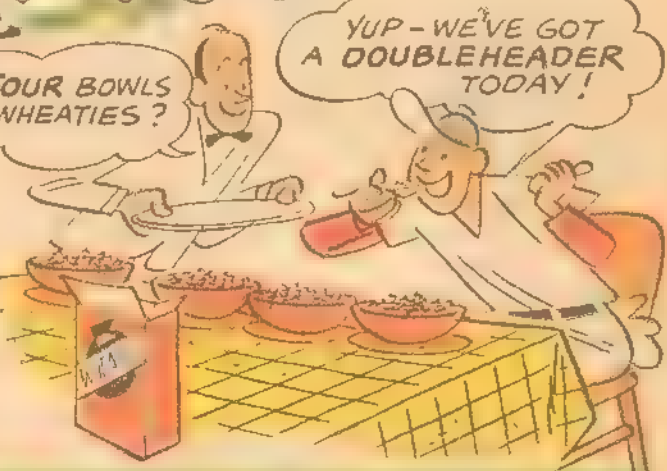
THAT'S OKAY - I STILL
GOT MY **WHEATIES!**

SLUGGING ST. LOUIS
CARDINALS OUTFIELDER WON
EVERY NATIONAL LEAGUE
BATTING HONOR EXCEPT HOME
RUNS! (HIS 39 ROUND-
TRIPPERS PLACED HIM SECOND.)

FOUR BOWLS
OF WHEATIES?

YUP - WE'VE GOT
A DOUBLEHEADER
TODAY!

"JUST ABOUT EVERY MORNING
YOU'LL FIND ME POLISHING
OFF A COUPLE BOWLFULS OF
WHEATIES, WITH MILK AND
FRUIT," SAYS CHAMP MUSIAL.
"IT'S MY FAVORITE
TRAINING DISH -
THE YEAR AROUND."



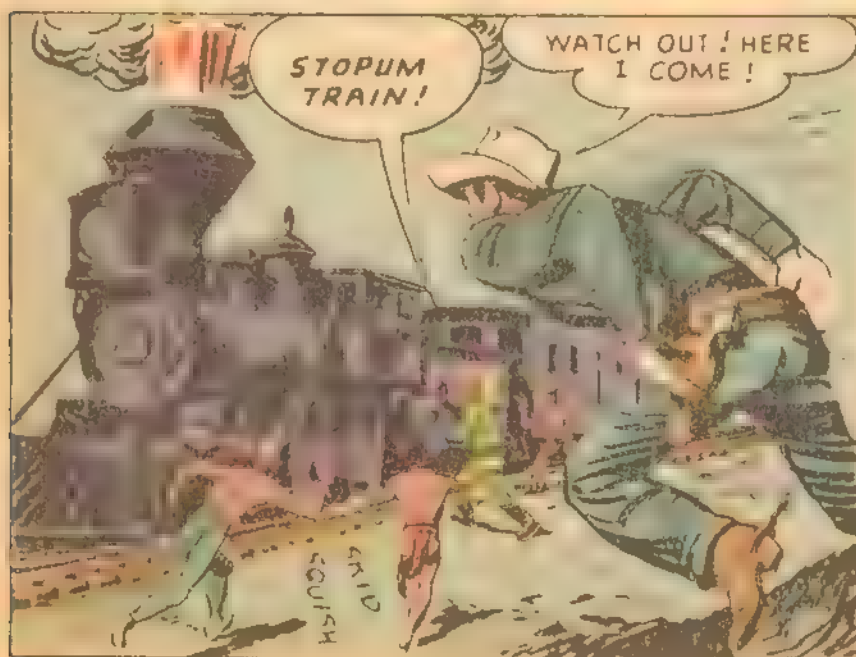
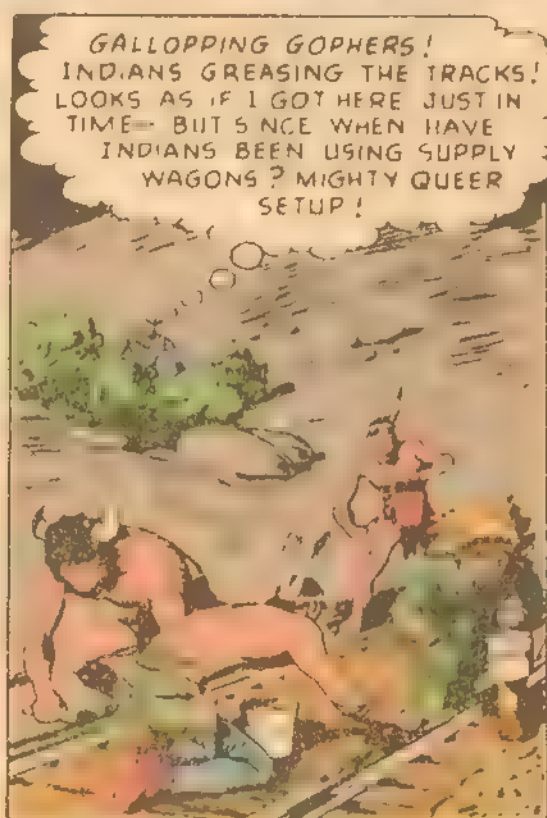
BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

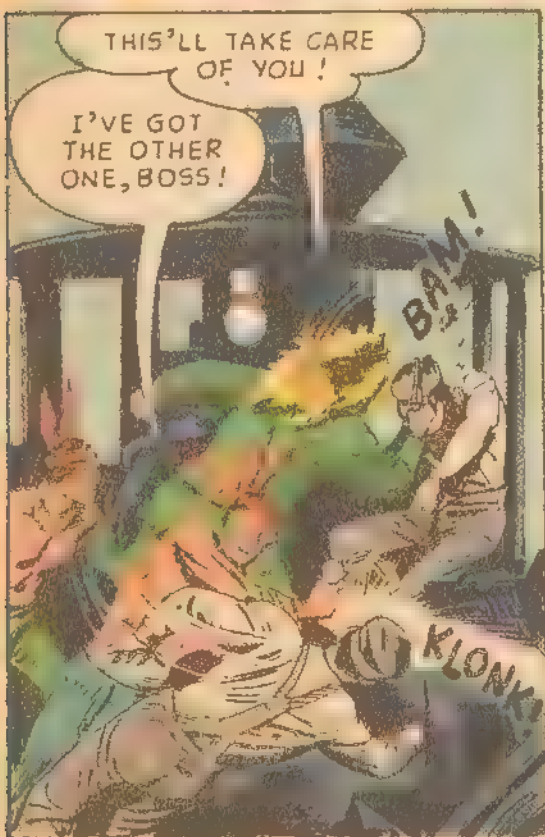
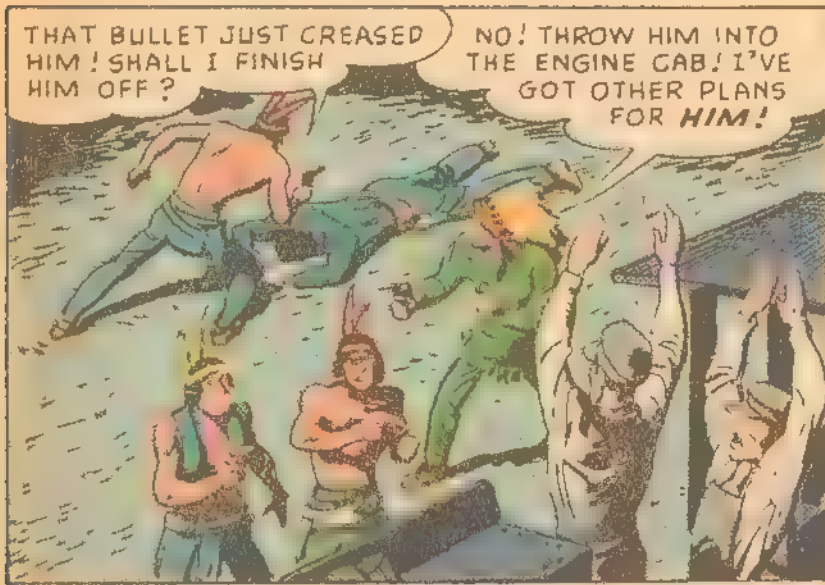
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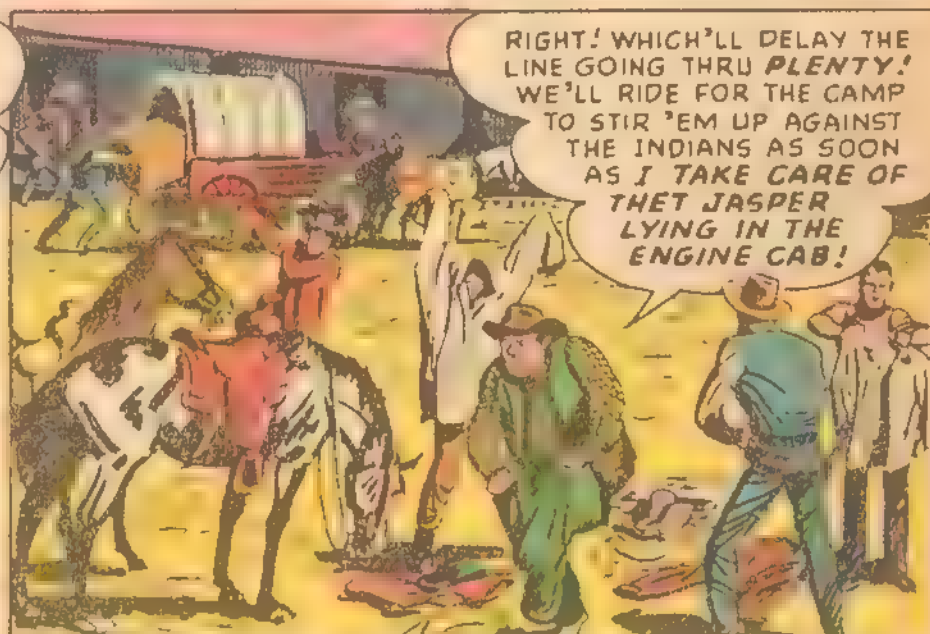
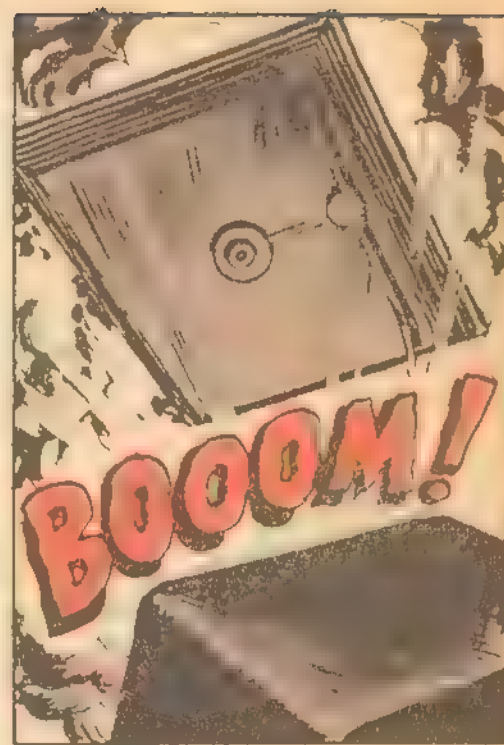
• ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

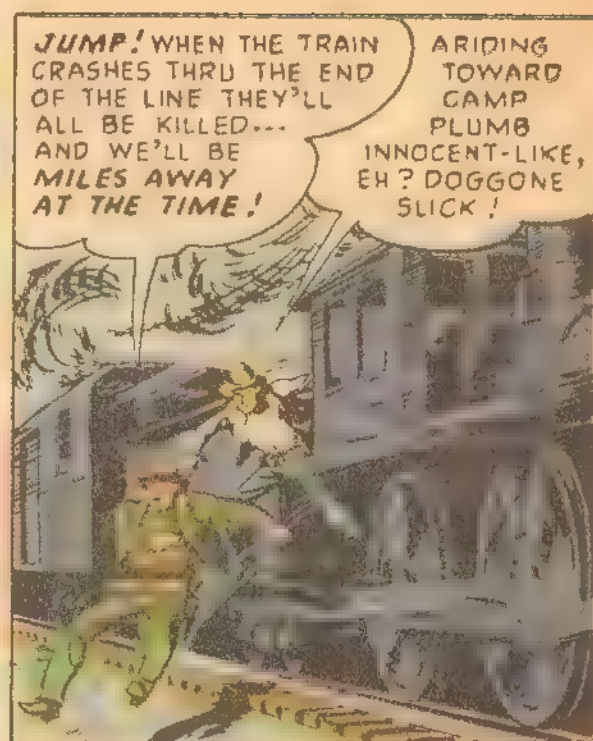


NOW TO OPEN
THE THROTTLE
FULL BLAST---



---AND JAM IT---
LIKE THIS!

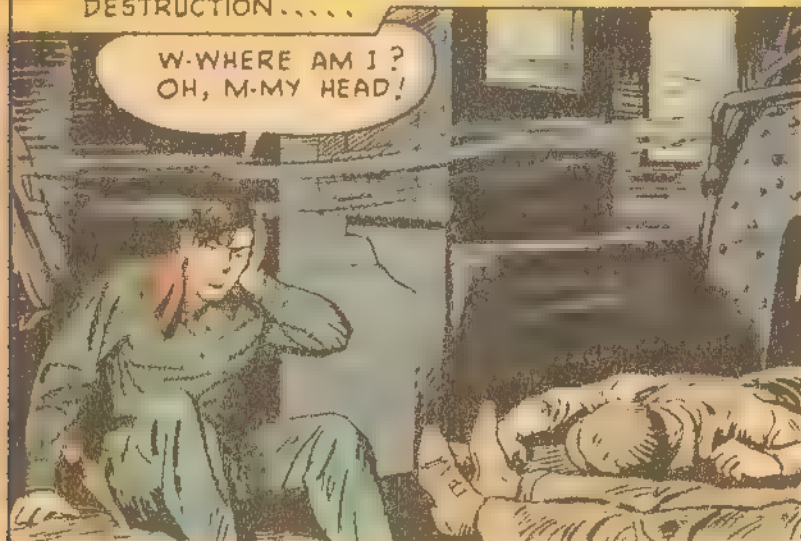
ZWACK!



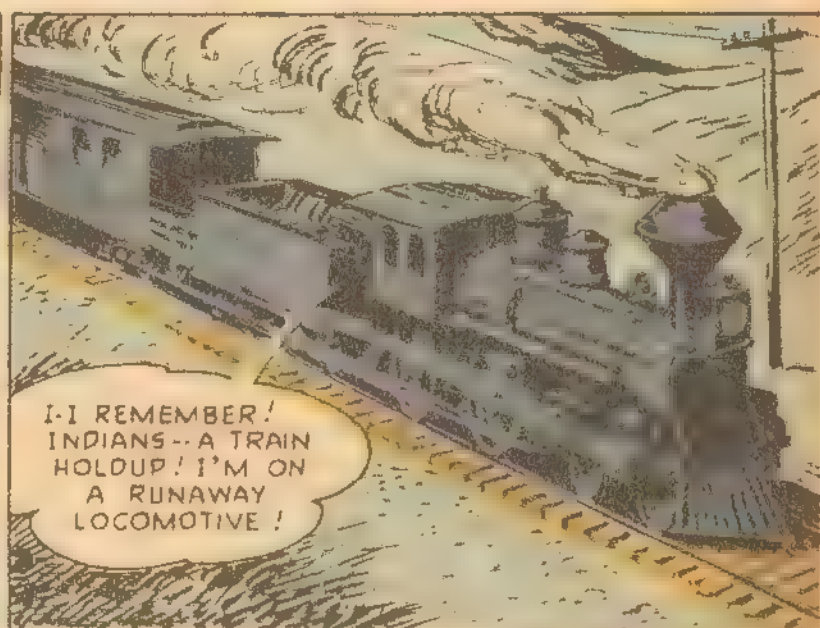
JUMP! WHEN THE TRAIN
CRASHES THRU THE END
OF THE LINE THEY'LL
ALL BE KILLED---
AND WE'LL BE
MILES AWAY
AT THE TIME!

ARIDING
TOWARD
CAMP
PLUMB
INNOCENT-LIKE,
EH? DOGGONE
SLICK!

AS THE RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE SPEEDS **ROCKY LANE**
AND HIS TWO COMPANIONS TOWARD CERTAIN
DESTRUCTION.....



W-WHERE AM I?
OH, M-MY HEAD!



I-I REMEMBER!
INDIANS--A TRAIN
HOLDUP! I'M ON
A RUNAWAY
LOCOMOTIVE!



THE BRAKE LEVER IS BROKEN
AND THE THROTTLE IS JAMMED!
I'VE GOT TO STOP THIS
THING SOMEHOW!

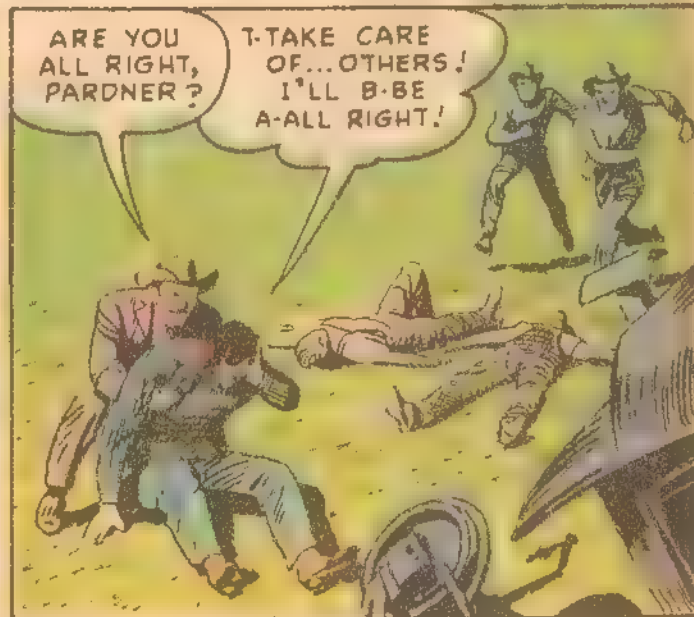
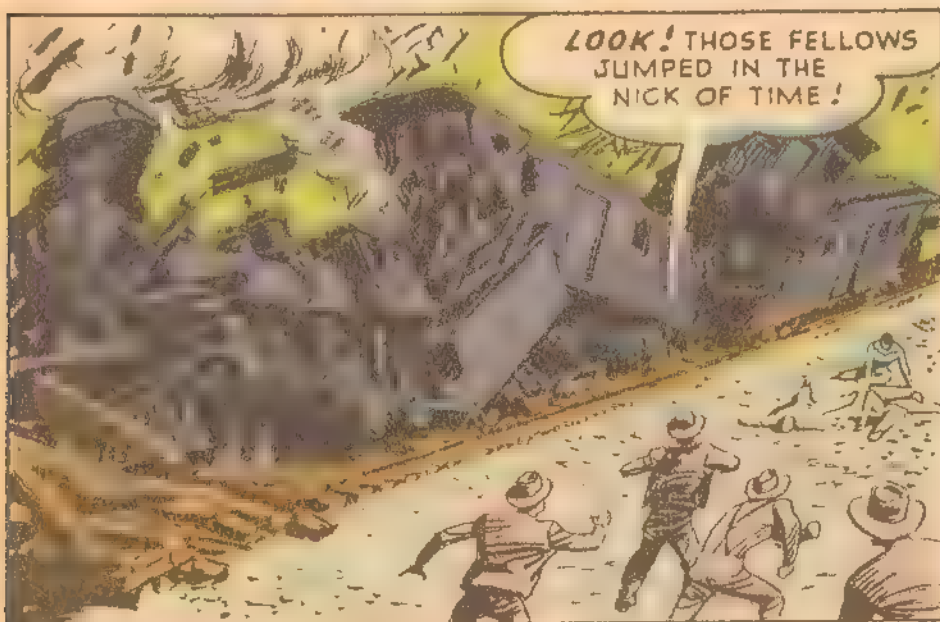
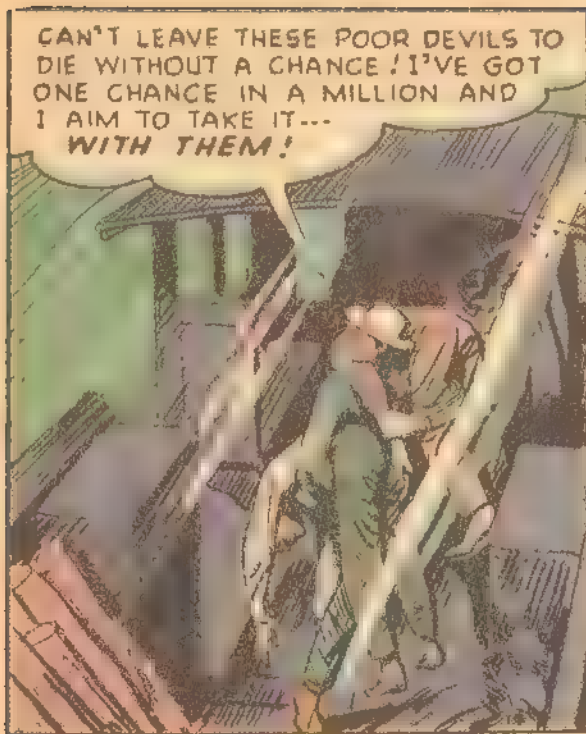


THERE'S THE
CAMP! WE'RE
GOING TO CRASH
AT THE END OF
THE LINE! IT'D
BE CERTAIN
DEATH TO
LEAP AT THIS
SPEED!

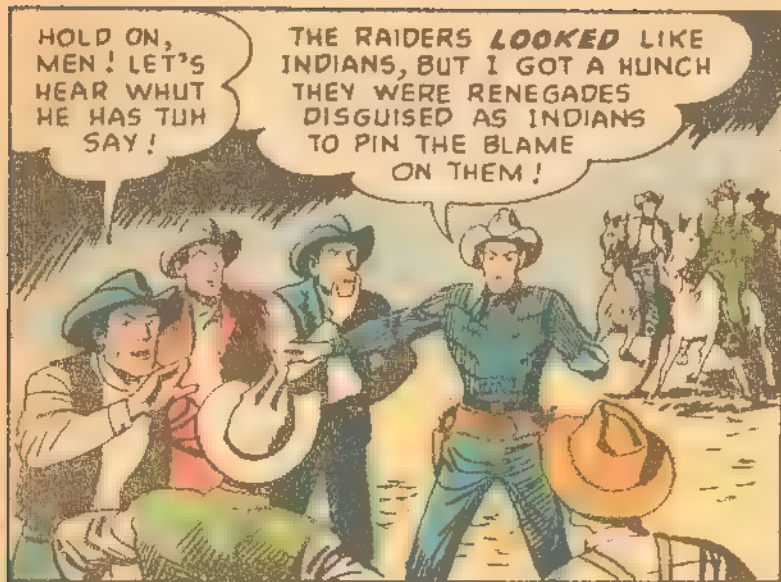


THIS WILL EMPTY THE WATER
BOILER AND PUT OUT THE FIRE
AND SLOW THE TRAIN UP A LITTLE,
AT ANY RATE! NOW TO GET THESE
POOR FELLOWS---
MIGHT AS WELL
DIE FIGHTING!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

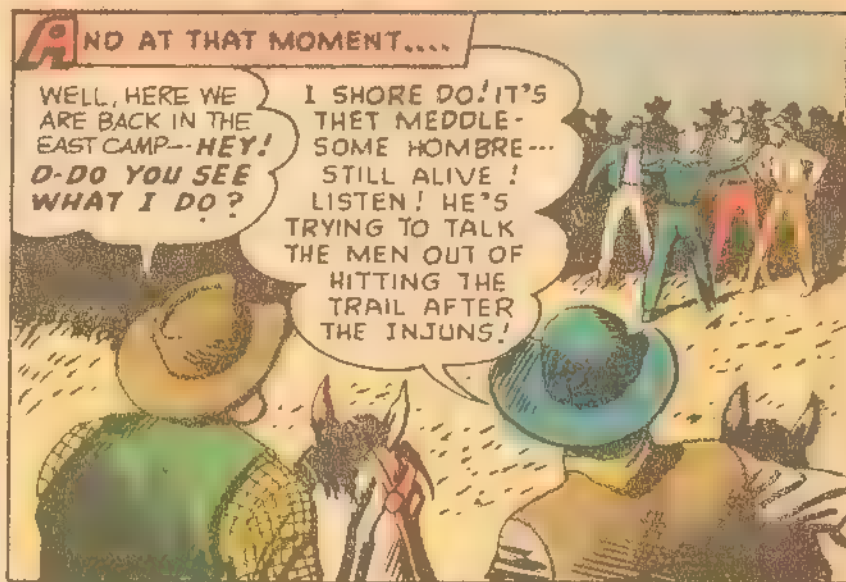


ROCKY LANE WESTERN



HOLD ON, MEN! LET'S HEAR WHUT HE HAS TUH SAY!

THE RAIDERS **LOOKED** LIKE INDIANS, BUT I GOT A HUNCH THEY WERE RENEGADES DISGUISED AS INDIANS TO PIN THE BLAME ON THEM!



AND AT THAT MOMENT....

WELL, HERE WE ARE BACK IN THE EAST CAMP--**HEY!** O-DO YOU SEE WHAT I DO?

I SHORE DO! IT'S THET MEDDLE-SOME HOMBRE-- STILL ALIVE! LISTEN! HE'S TRYING TO TALK THE MEN OUT OF HITTING THE TRAIL AFTER THE INJUNS!



LET'S NOT STIR UP TROUBLE! LET ME HANDLE THIS MY WAY AND YOU'LL THANK ME FOR IT!

THE STRANGER IS PLUMB RIGHT!

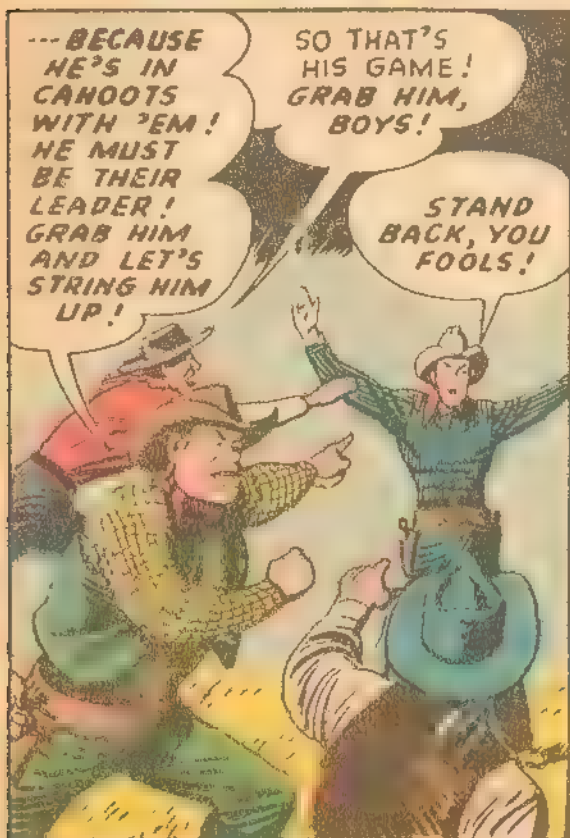


LET'S NOT BLAME THE INDIANS UNTIL WE'VE HAD A GOOD LOOK AT THE TRAIL! I'M ALMOST SURE IT WASN'T THEM AT ALL!

HE'S A LIAR! I'M ONTO HIS GAME!



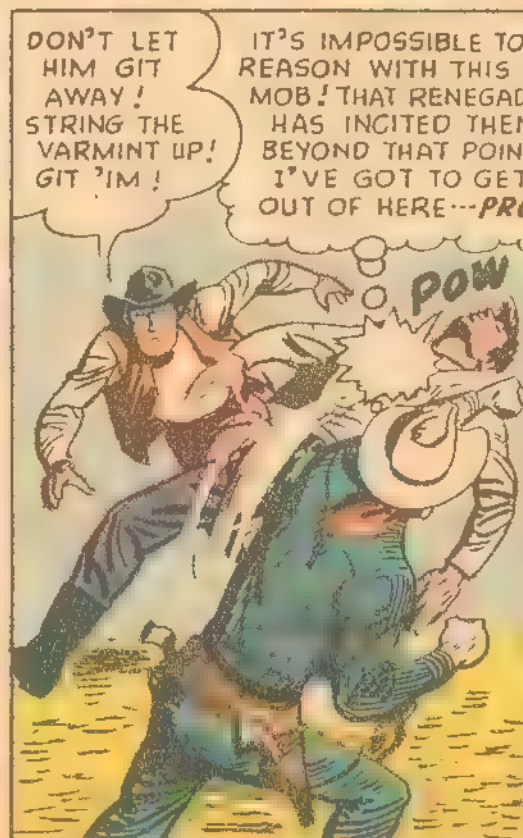
HE SAYS IT WASN'T INDIANS, BUT ME AND MY MEN MET SOME INDIANS ON THE TRAIL A WHILE BACK TOTING SUPPLIES! HOW COME HE'S LYING? IT'S DOGGONED SIMPLE! HE'S TRYING TO COVER UP FOR THEM---



---BECAUSE HE'S IN CANOOTHS WITH 'EM! HE MUST BE THEIR LEADER! GRAB HIM AND LET'S STRING HIM UP!

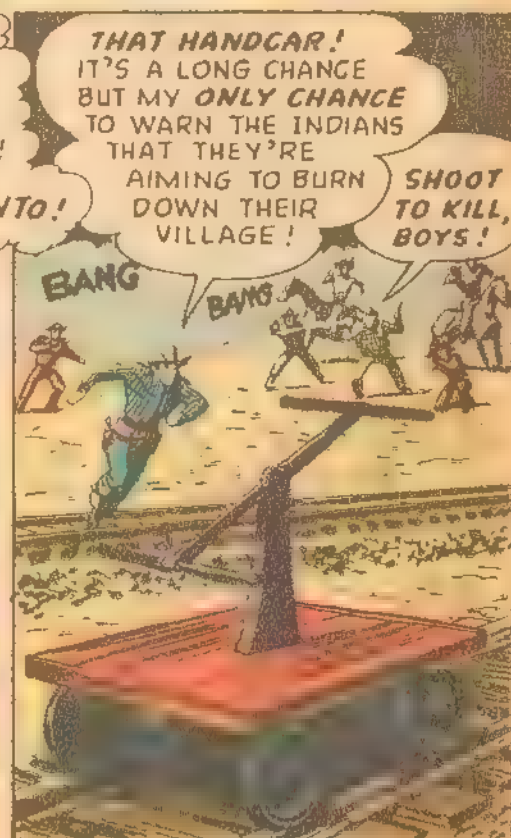
SO THAT'S HIS GAME! GRAB HIM, BOYS!

STAND BACK, YOU FOOLS!



DON'T LET HIM GIT AWAY! STRING THE VARMINT UP! GIT 'IM!

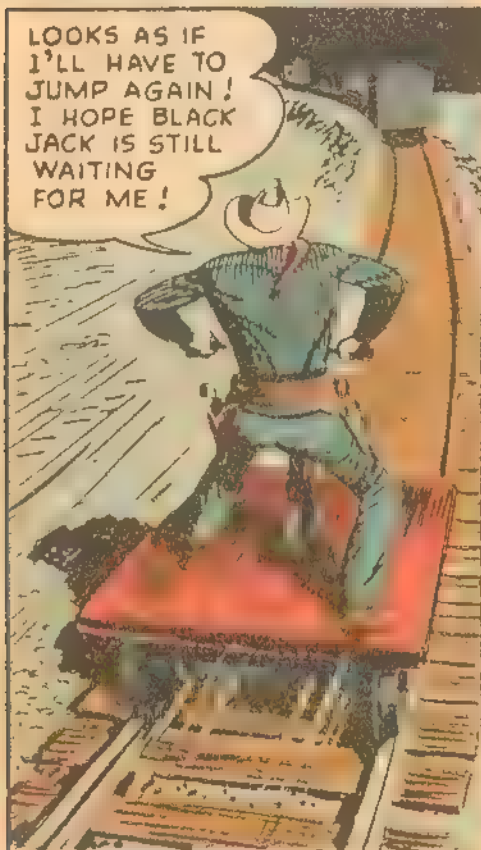
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO REASON WITH THIS MOB! THAT RENEGADE HAS INCITED THEM BEYOND THAT POINT! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE---PRONTO!



THAT HANDCAR! IT'S A LONG CHANCE BUT MY **ONLY CHANCE** TO WARN THE INDIANS THAT THEY'RE AIMING TO BURN DOWN THEIR VILLAGE!

SHOOT TO KILL, BOYS!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

BUT EVEN THOUGH ROCKY RACES AGAINST TIME, HE IS TOO LATE TO WARN THE INDIANS!



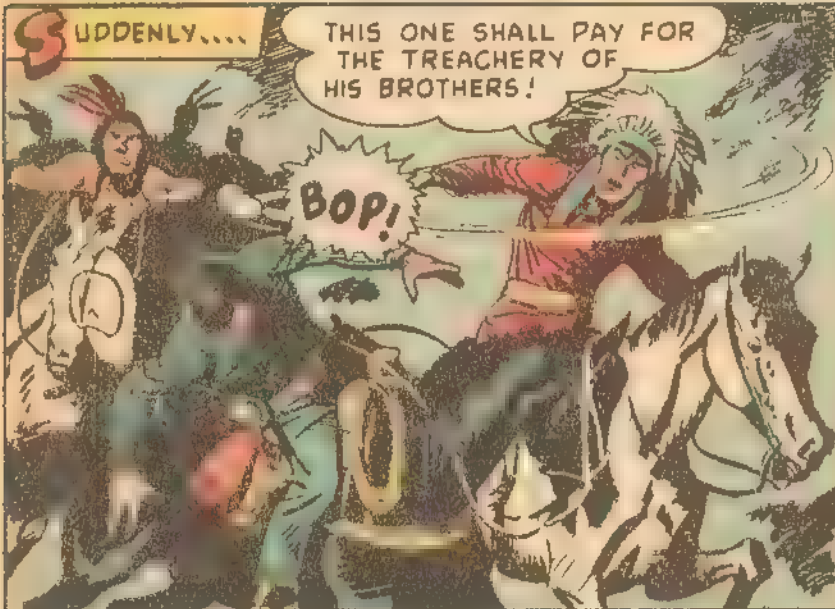
TOO LATE!
REARDON HAS
LED THE ATTACK
AND THEY'VE
SET THE
VILLAGE
ON FIRE!

THIS'LL SEND EVERY TRIBE
WEST OF THE MISSISSIPPI OUT
ON THE WARPATH... UNLESS
I CAN NIP IT IN THE
BUD!



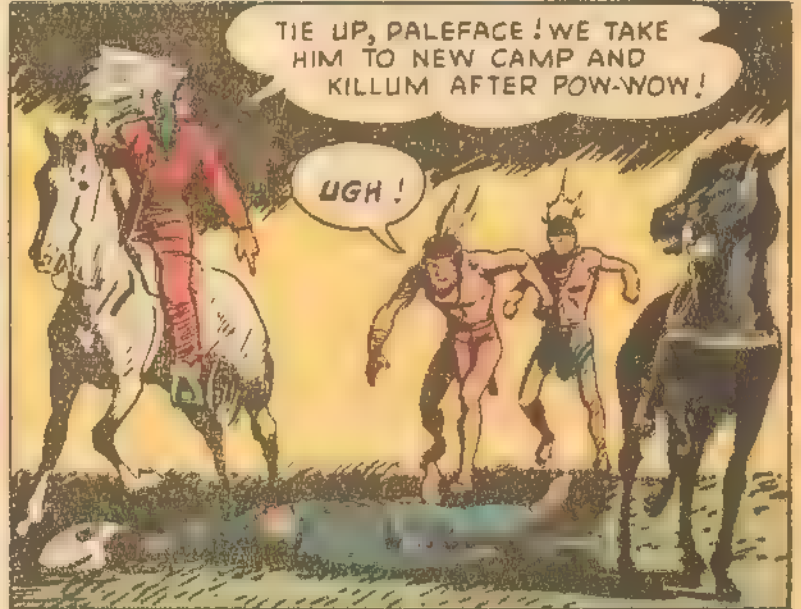
SUDDENLY....

THIS ONE SHALL PAY FOR
THE TREACHERY OF
HIS BROTHERS!



BOP!

TIE UP, PALEFACE! WE TAKE
HIM TO NEW CAMP AND
KILLUM AFTER POW-WOW!



UGH!

WE GO NOW BUT WE SHALL
RETURN! CHIEF THUNDER
CLOUD HAS SPOKEN!



WE MAKE CAMP IN THIS PLACE!
PUT STRONG STAKE IN GROUND
AND BIND PALEFACE CAPTIVE TO
IT! WE HOLDUM
POW-WOW!



UGH!

TIEUM TIGHT
AND LET
POW-WOW
BEGIN!





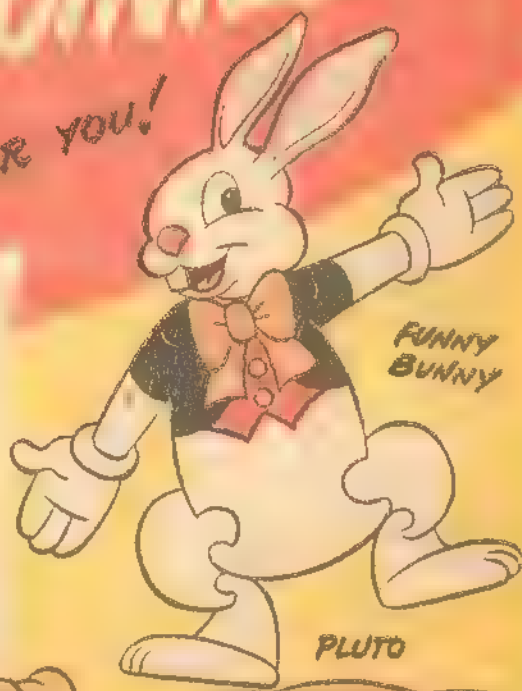
KIDS! GET YOUR NEW WALT DISNEY "JOINIES"

MAKE 'EM DANCE 'N' ACT FUNNY FOR YOU!

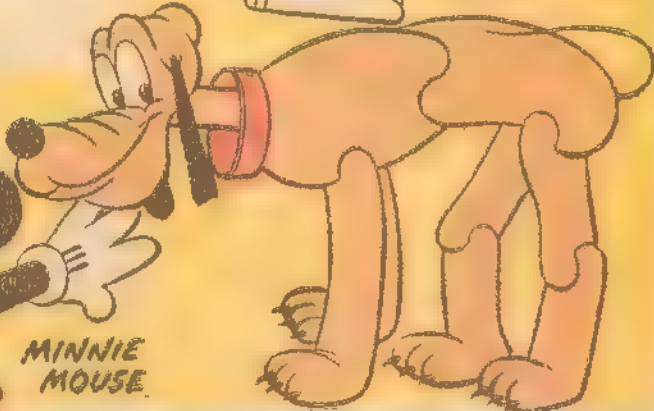


GOOFY

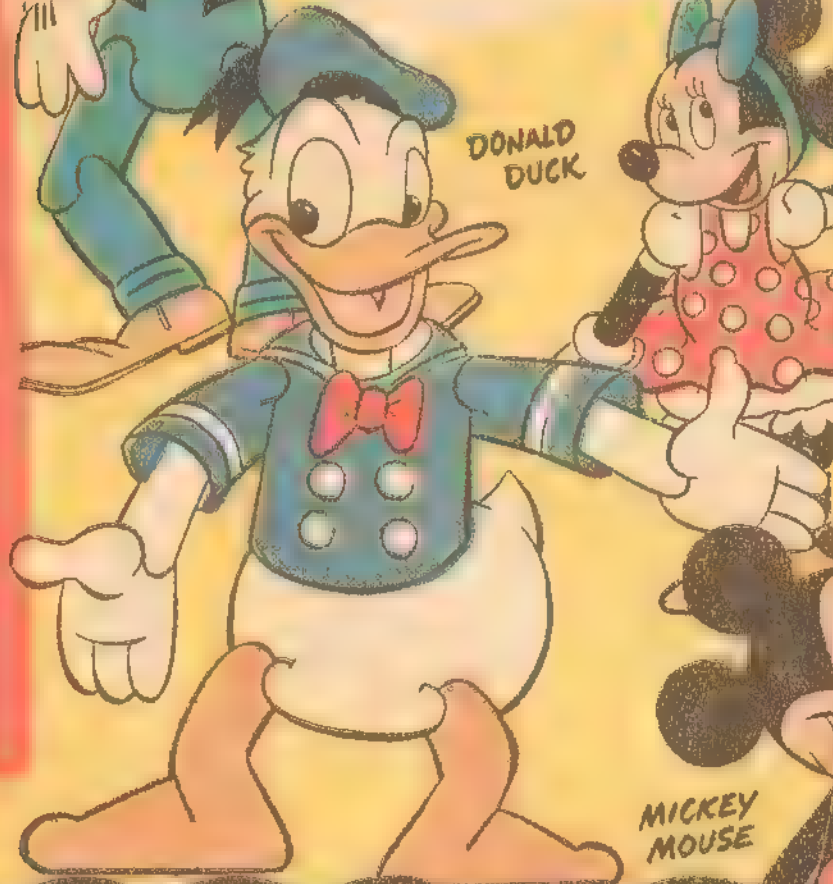
Open a box of Kellogg's Raisin Bran and find your "Joinie." It's in full color, ready to punch out. You "fit" together the head, body, arms and legs, then make it "act" for you! "Joinies" have movable heads, arms and legs. Measure 4 to 5 inches. Six favorite Walt Disney characters. Collect all 6!



FUNNY BUNNY

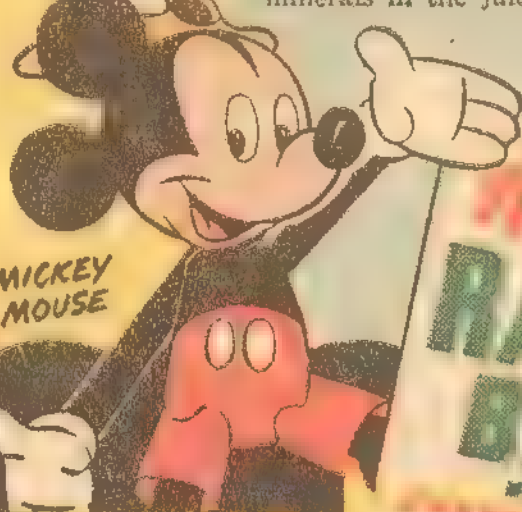


PLUTO



DONALD DUCK

MINNIE MOUSE



MICKEY MOUSE

POUNCE! THAT'S IT!

Mother will be happy to give you Kellogg's Raisin Bran 'cause there's 100% whole grain nourishment in the crisp, bran flakes—extra minerals in the juicy raisins! Get this swell fruit 'n' cereal combination today and a Disney "Joinie," too. Hurry!

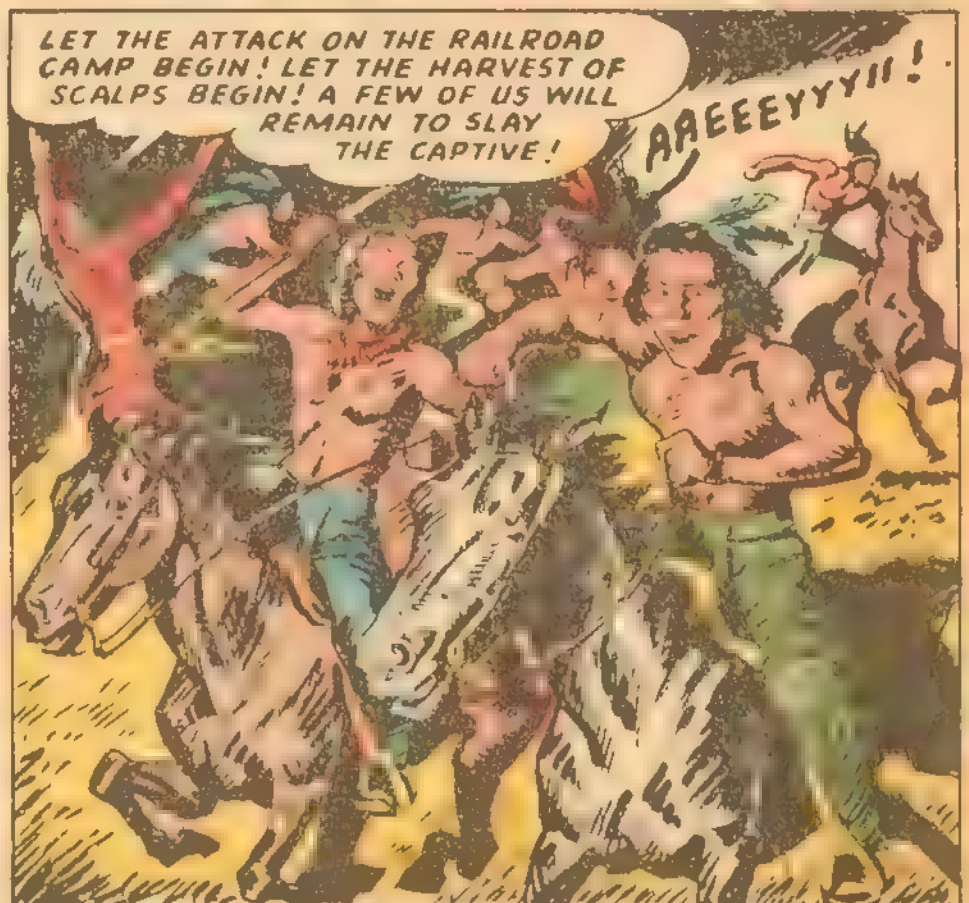


NO WAITING!

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF
ALSO IN KELLOGG'S 40% CORN FLAKES

See Walt Disney's new full-length feature "So Dear to My Heart."

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



WAIT! LISTEN TO A FRIEND,
O GREAT CHIEF! TURN BACK YOUR
WARRIORS FROM THE WARPATH
BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!



THE GREAT WHITE FATHER
WILL SEND MORE SOLDIERS
THAN YOU HAVE WARRIORS
TO SILENCE YOUR WAR
DRUMS AND MANY,
MANY WARRIORS
SHALL BE KILLED!



FIRST, A BAND OF
PALEFACES ROBS MY
BRAVES AND THEN
THEY ATTACK AND BURN
OUR VILLAGE IN
THE NIGHT AND
YOU SPEAK OF
PEACE! UGH!

SO THAT'S IT!
THOSE WERE NOT
GOOD WHITE MEN!
THOSE WERE
OUTLAWS! YOU
SHOULD NOT CONDEMN
ALL FOR THE DEEDS
OF A FEW!



PERHAPS YOU SPEAK THE TRUTH! PERHAPS
YOU LIE! WE FIND OUT! YOU SHALL RUN
THE GAUNTLET! IF YOU SPEAK TRUTH,
YOU WILL LIVE THROUGH IT! IF NOT---
YOU SHALL DIE!



UGH! WE SHALL SOON
SEE IF PALEFACE SPEAK
TRUTH OR
NOT!



LET PALEFACE
BEGIN HIS
RUN OF
DEATH!

NO MAN IN THE
WORLD COULD RUN
THRU THOSE WAITING
KNIVES, WAR CLUBS
AND LANCES AND
LIVE! RECKON I'LL
HAVE TO USE
SURPRISE
TACTICS!



SUDDENLY, WITH THE SPEED
OF A CHARGING PANTHER...

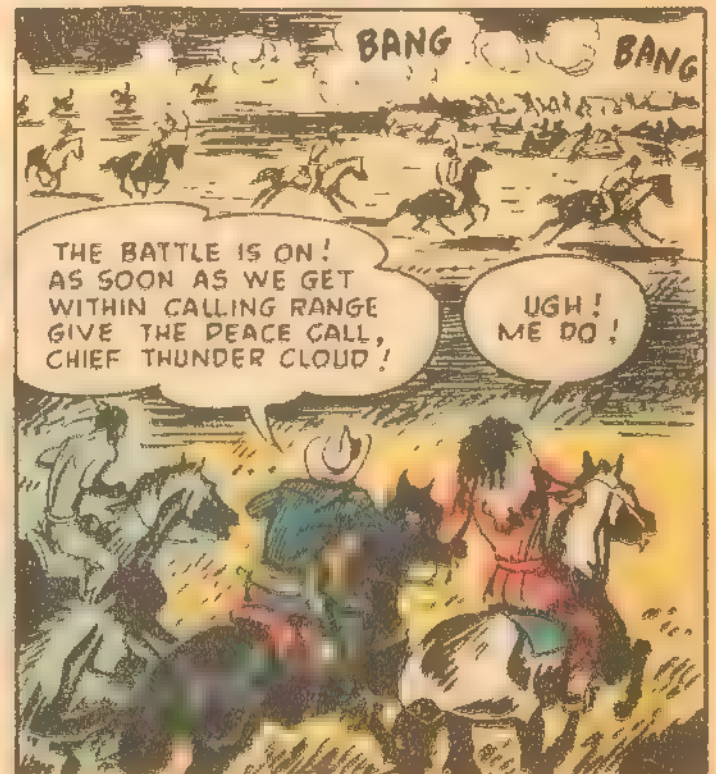
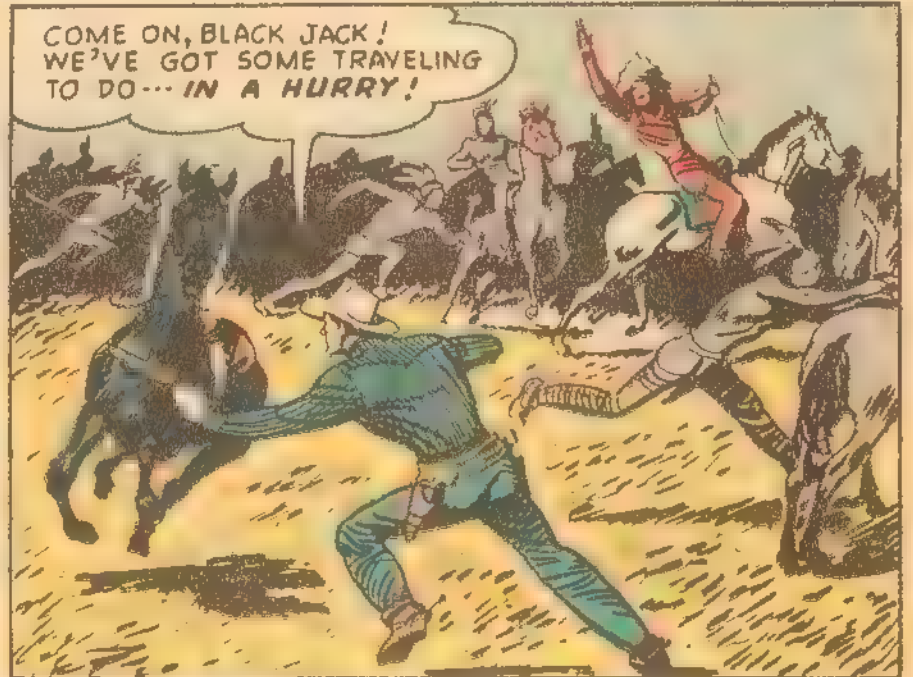
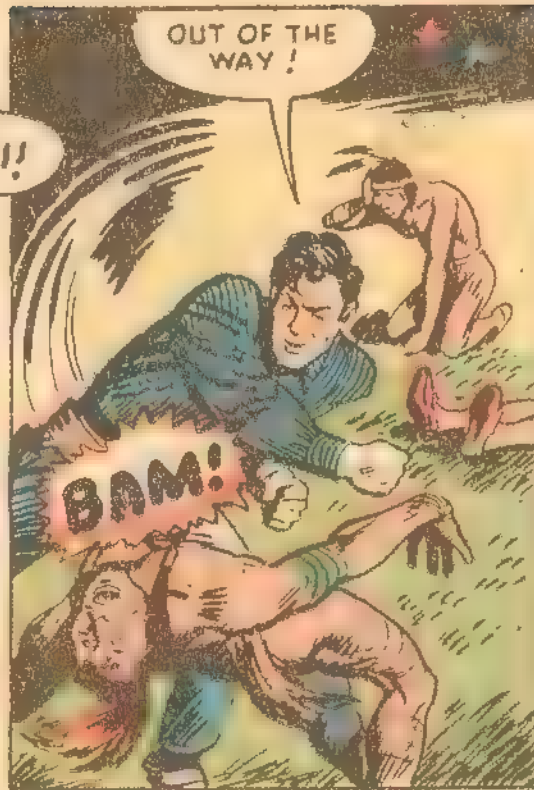
SINCE THIS GAME IS FOR
KEEPS, I'LL PLAY IT
MY WAY!



NOW TO GET
HOLD OF THAT
LANCE BEFORE
THEY RECOVER....

AIIEE!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AS THE SOFT, PLAINTIVE CALL
WAFTS ITSELF GENTLY OVER
THE EMBATTLED PLAIN.....



... BLOOD-CURDLING WAR CRIES DIE
AND BOW-ARMS RELAX AND PONIES
ARE SWERVED AWAY FROM BATTLE!



HOW! LET THERE
BE NO MORE
FIGHTING! LISTEN
TO PALEFACE
SPEAK!

I'VE GOT A PLAN
THAT'LL CLEAR
THIS WHOLE
MESS UP PRONTO
IF MY HUNCH
IS RIGHT!



CHIEF, YOU SAID YOUR
BRAVES WERE ROBBED
OF THEIR TRAPPINGS
BY RENEGADES! CAN
YOU DESCRIBE THE
ROBBERS?

UGH! ONE
HAD A TOOTH
OF GOLD!
I WOULD
KNOW HIM!



FOLLOW ME UNDER A
FLAG OF TRUCE TO THE
CAMP, CHIEF! YOU POINT
TO THE ROBBERS IF
THEY ARE THERE!



UGH! ME
REMEMBER
THEM!

LOOK! IT'S THAT VARMINT
I WARNED YOU WAS LEADING
THE INJUNS! **THIS PROVES
IT!** GIT READY TO LET HIM
HAVE IT AS SOON AS HE
GITS IN SHOOTING RANGE!

DOGGONED IF YOU
WEREN'T RIGHT,
REARDON!

RIGHT!



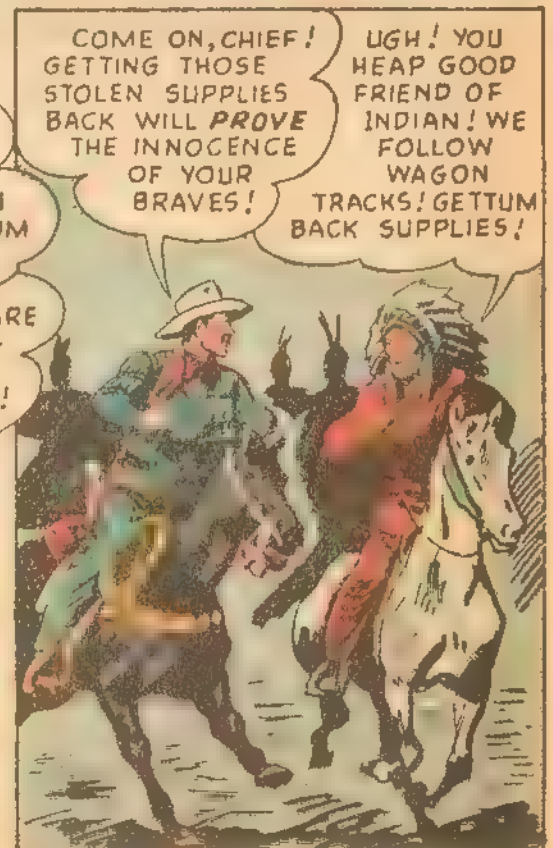
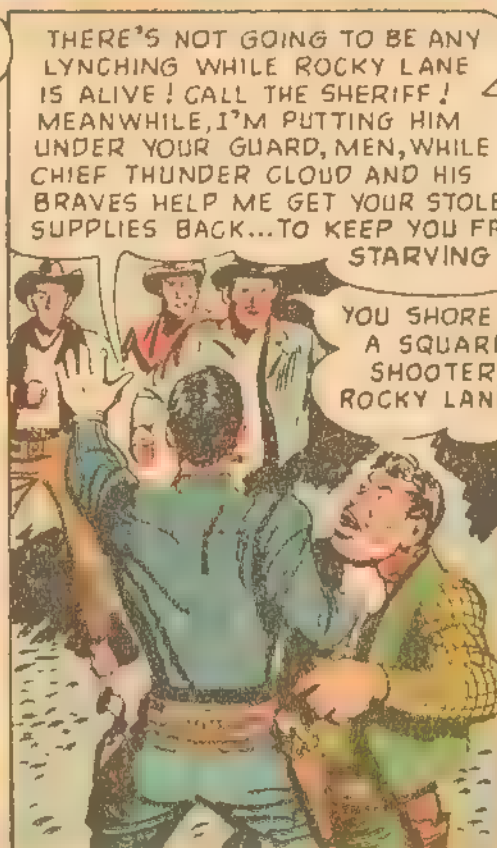
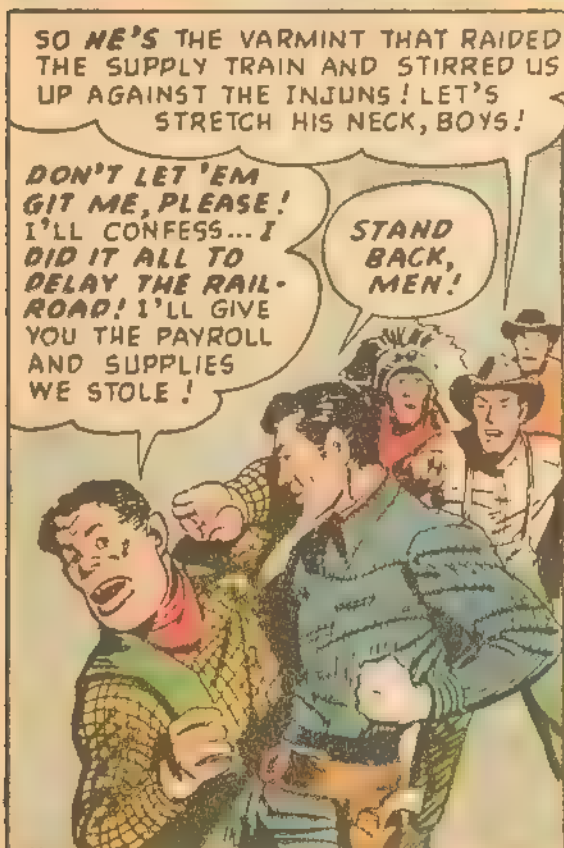
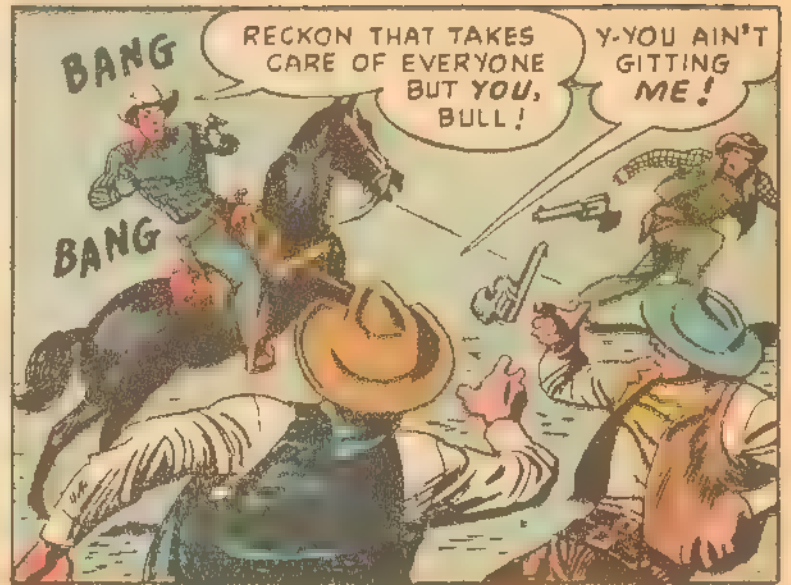
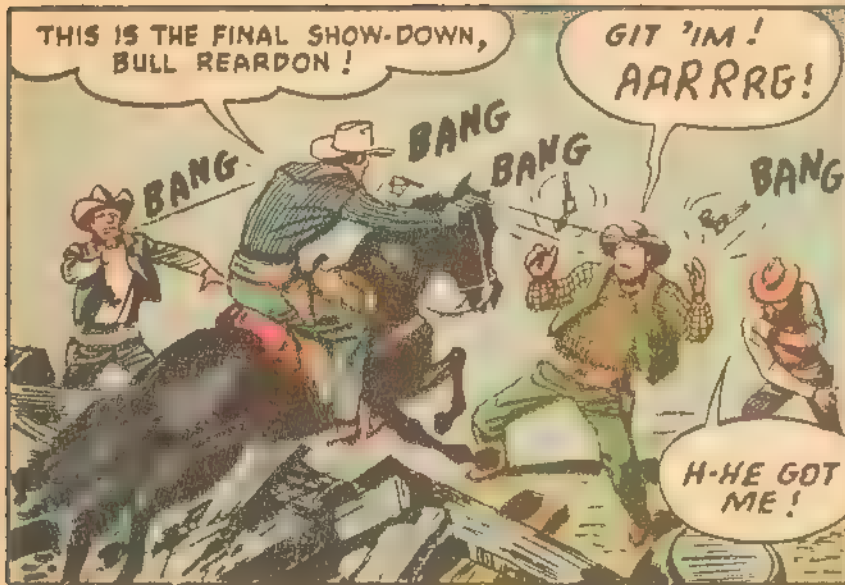
THOSE ARE
ROBBERS! THAT
ONE HAVE
TOOTH OF
GOLD!

BULL REARDON,
EH? JUST AS
I THOUGHT!
HE'S THE ONE
BEHIND ALL
THIS!

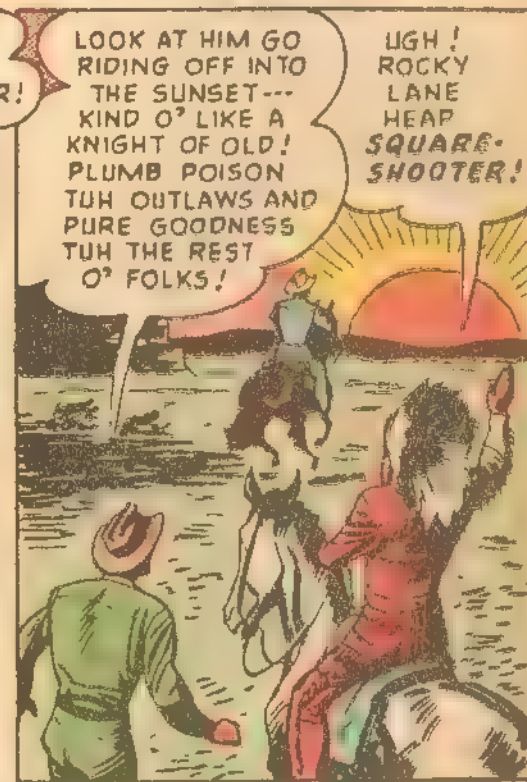
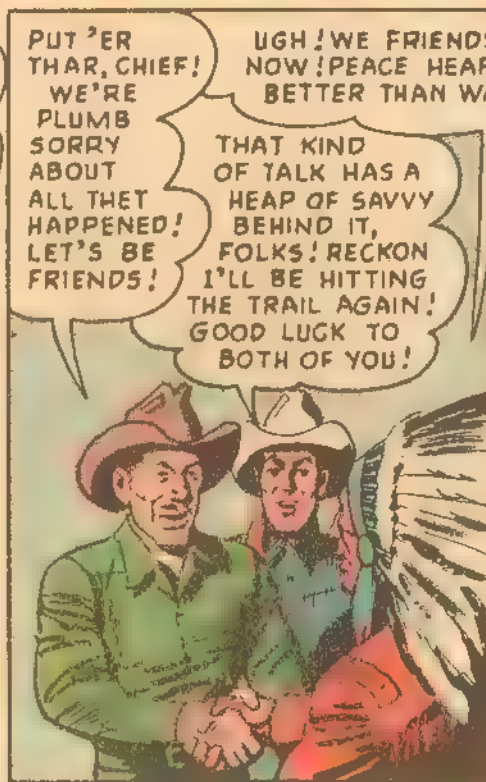
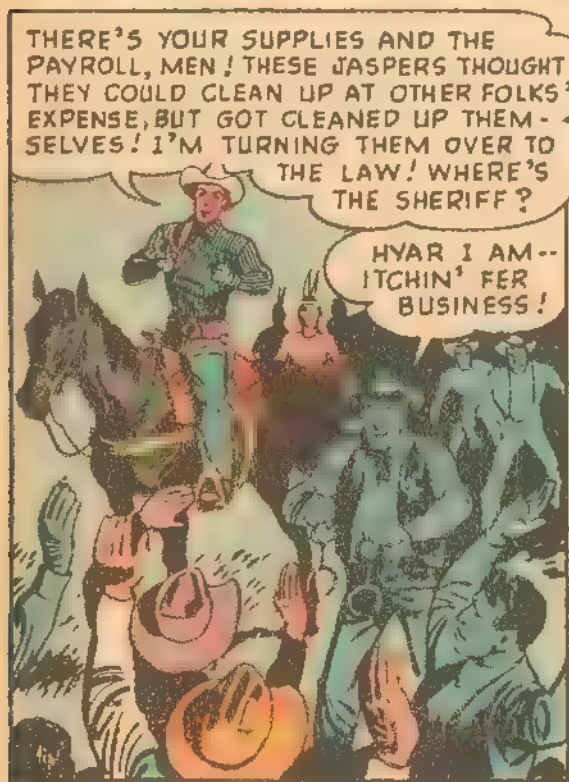
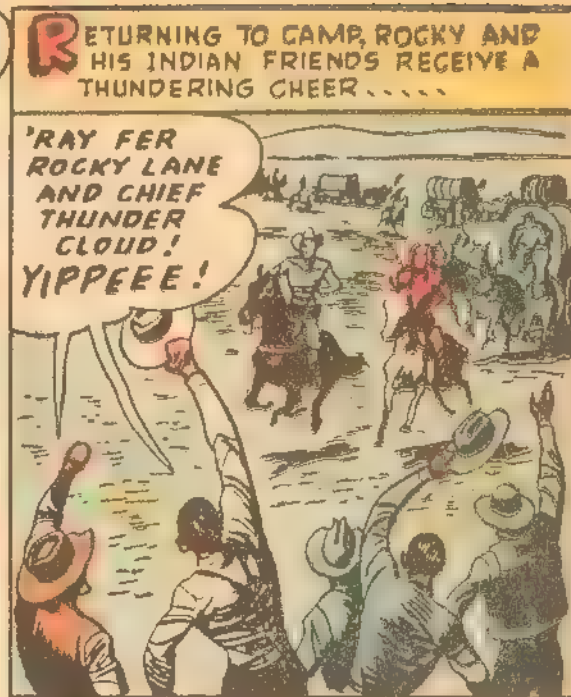
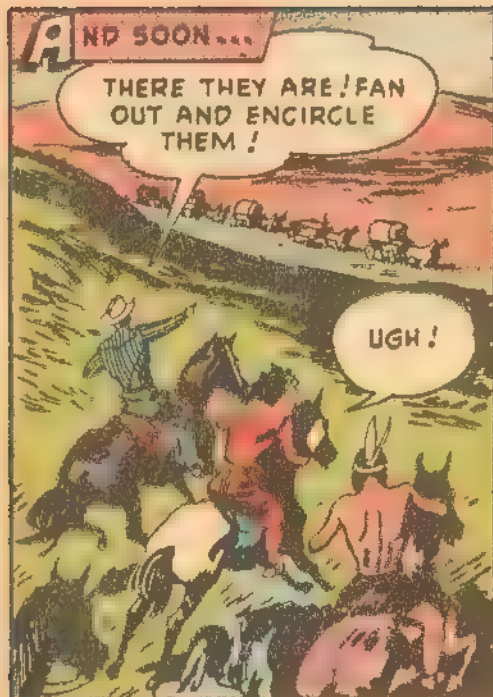
LET HIM
HAVE IT,
BOYS!



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN



COMIX CARDS
appear every
month in

ROCKY LANE
WESTERN

FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
LASH LARUE

III

LASH LARUE
WESTERN

ONLY 10¢ AT YOUR LOCAL
NEWSSTAND!

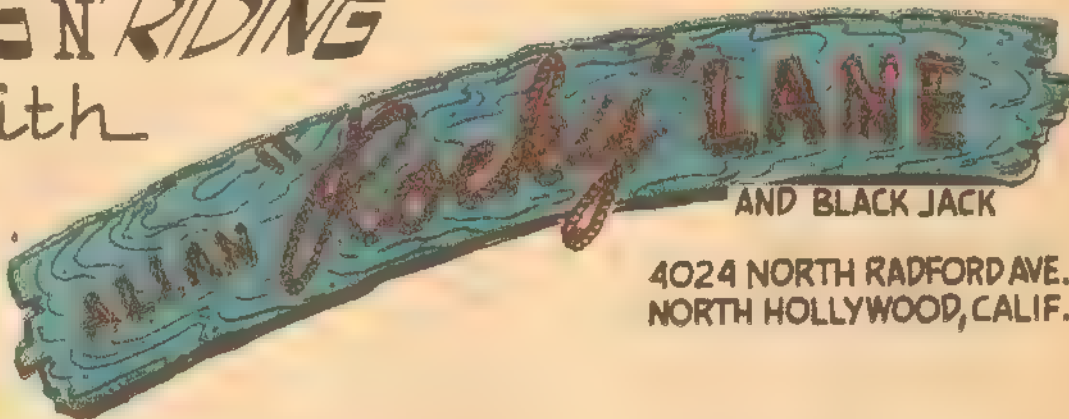
Cut on dotted line and paste on cardboard





ROPING 'N' RIDING

With



AND BLACK JACK

4024 NORTH RADFORD AVE.
NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

"ROCKY" WITH BLACK JACK



Hoody Pardners

Things are sure poppin' around the Republic Studios these days. More activity than Black Jack and I ever saw before. We're a lot busier than that ol' red hen you've heard about a-hatchin' her fourteen baby chicks. We're really diggin' in - no time for us to just sit around and think. No sires, we're making one fast action movie after another. Black Jack joins me in hoping you like them as much as we liked making them.

The most recently completed ones carry these titles: "DEATH VALLEY GUNFIGHTER", "NAVAJO TRAIL RAIDERS", "SHERIFF OF WICHITA", and "FRONTIER INVESTIGATOR". All of them full of the Old West, with lots of hard ridin', fast shootin', and plenty of knock down, drag out, hand-to-hand fist fightin'. Black Jack helps to save the day, as well as my scalp, in a couple of them, too. Gosh, what a pal he is. I couldn't get along without that horse. No sir, I couldn't.

Say, pardners, you know this crime prevention program that's been in full swing all over the country these past few months? Well, it's taken up most of my spare time. I've managed to talk to a lot of you, but doggon' it, there's still just thousands and thousands of you, spread out all over, that I've missed. I hope these next few words are read carefully and remembered by those of you I didn't get to talk to in person.

Did you ever take time to think about the lesson in life that's to be found in each movie Black Jack and I make for you? It's contained in the strips of this magazine also. Actually, you are always being reminded of why folks should always stay on the right side of things if they expect to win out in their life. And how they are bound to wind up a big loser if they slip over to the wrong side.

Remember always, right is might, and the bad folks ALWAYS pay the top price in the end, no matter how many they outnumber the right folks or right side.

Now the only way you can be sure you are starting on the right side is by following this simple rule. Always do exactly what your guardian asks you to do, no matter whether that guardian is your daddy, your mommy, your older sister, elder brother, relative or teacher. Never sass or talk back to him or her, in any way. Never. They are older and usually wiser than you, because of their greater experience. They will never sent you to do anything that will harm you, 'cause, you see, they love you. Early training and the development of good habits is what counts later on. If you're good kids now, it'll be easy to be good citizens when you are older and on your own.

You'll make me very happy and proud of each and every one of you if you'll promise me you'll try. Promise Black Jack and me, will you? Ah, ha, that's swell - thanks a lot, pardners. May God make you and keep you one of his favorites always.

So long for now. See you from the screen, or from the pages of the next issue of this magazine.

Your pals,

Allan "Rocky" Lane

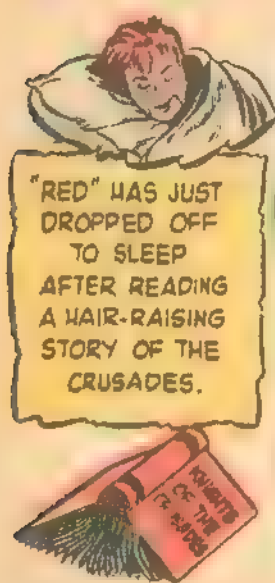
Allan "Rocky" Lane
and Black Jack

P.S. Black Jack and I are passing out cigars again. He's the proud papa of another outstanding all black, baby horse colt. It's a boy. I'll try to have a picture of him in one of the forthcoming issues of this magazine, if you'd like to see him.

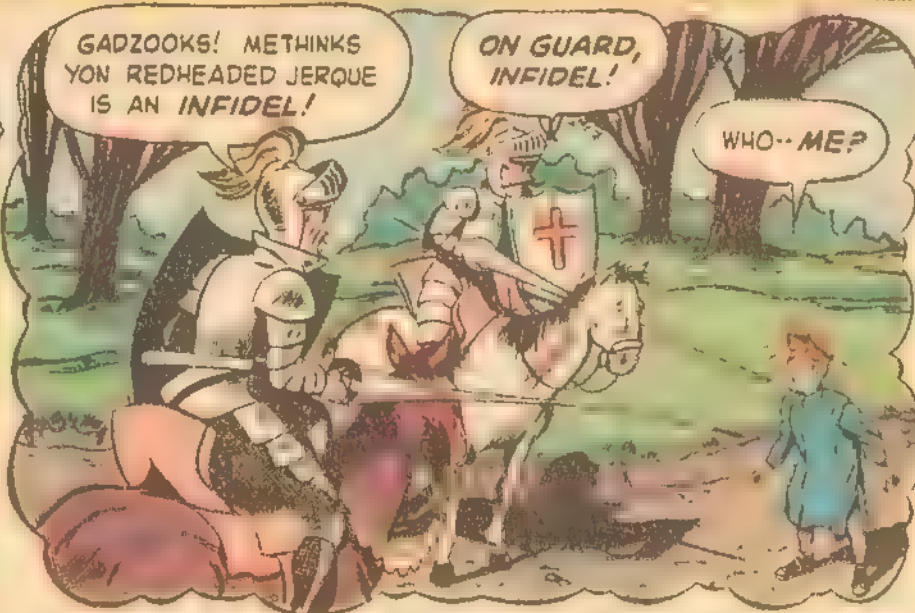
"Rocky"

Captured in the Crusades

A DREAMLAND
DRAMA
FEATURING
"RED" WALKER



"RED" HAS JUST
DROPPED OFF
TO SLEEP
AFTER READING
A HAIR-RAISING
STORY OF THE
CRUSADES.



GADZOOKS! METHINKS
YON REDHEADED JERQUE
IS AN INFIDEL!

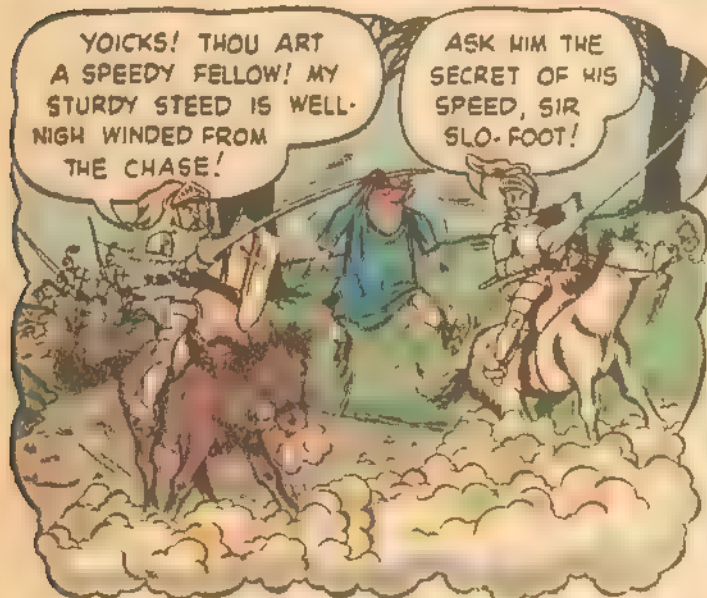
ON GUARD,
INFIDEL!

WHO--ME?



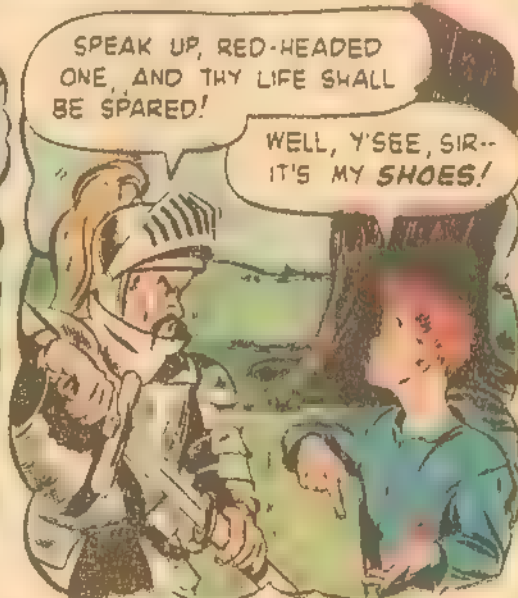
AFTER
HIM!

GOOD-NIGHT,
SHIRT! I'M GETTING
OUTA HERE!



YOICKS! THOU ART
A SPEEDY FELLOW! MY
STURDY STEED IS WELL-
NIGH WINDED FROM
THE CHASE!

ASK HIM THE
SECRET OF HIS
SPEED, SIR
SLO-FOOT!



SPEAK UP, RED-HEADED
ONE, AND THY LIFE SHALL
BE SPARED!

WELL, Y'SEE, SIR--
IT'S MY *SHOES!*

"BALL-BAND'S ARCH-GARD
GIVES ME SUPPORT IN THREE
VITAL PLACES"

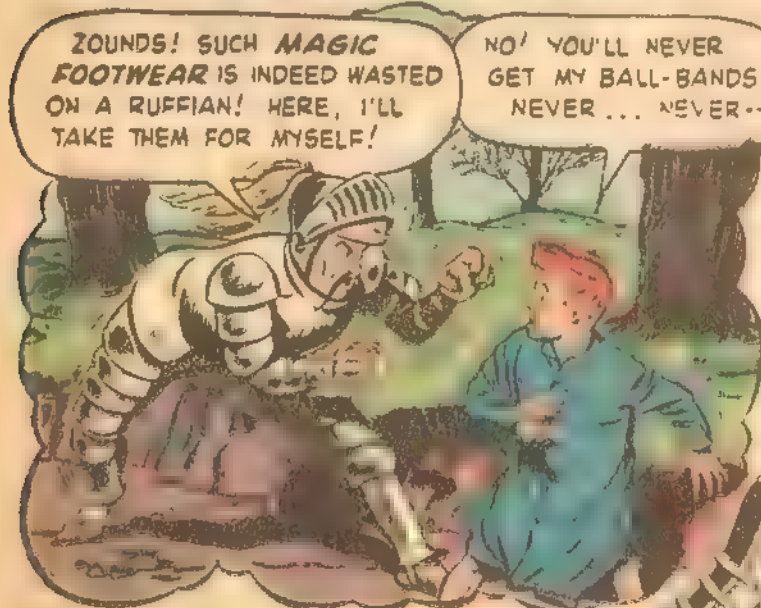
ONLY BALL-BAND
HAS THE EXCLUSIVE ARCH-GARD

ARCH-GARD GIVES
THE LONG ARCH
NEEDED SUPPORT
FOR MORE COMFORT
AND GREATER
PROTECTION.

ARCH-GARD CUSHONS
THE HEEL AND EASES
RUNNING AND
JUMPING SHOCK



ARCH-GARD CUSHIONS
THE METATARSAL ARCH
TO HELP PREVENT TIRING
OF FOOT MUSCLES.



ZOUNDS! SUCH *MAGIC
FOOTWEAR* IS INDEED WASTED
ON A RUFFIAN! HERE, I'LL
TAKE THEM FOR MYSELF!

NO! YOU'LL NEVER
GET MY BALL-BANDS!
NEVER... NEVER-- NEVER--



YIPE, WHAT A KNIGHT-
MARE! SURE LOOKS
GOOD TO SEE MY BALL-
BANDS SAFE UNDER
THE BED!

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL-
SIGN OF THE BEST BUY IN
CANVAS SHOES--IN THE
STORE AND ON THE SOLE
OF THE SHOE.

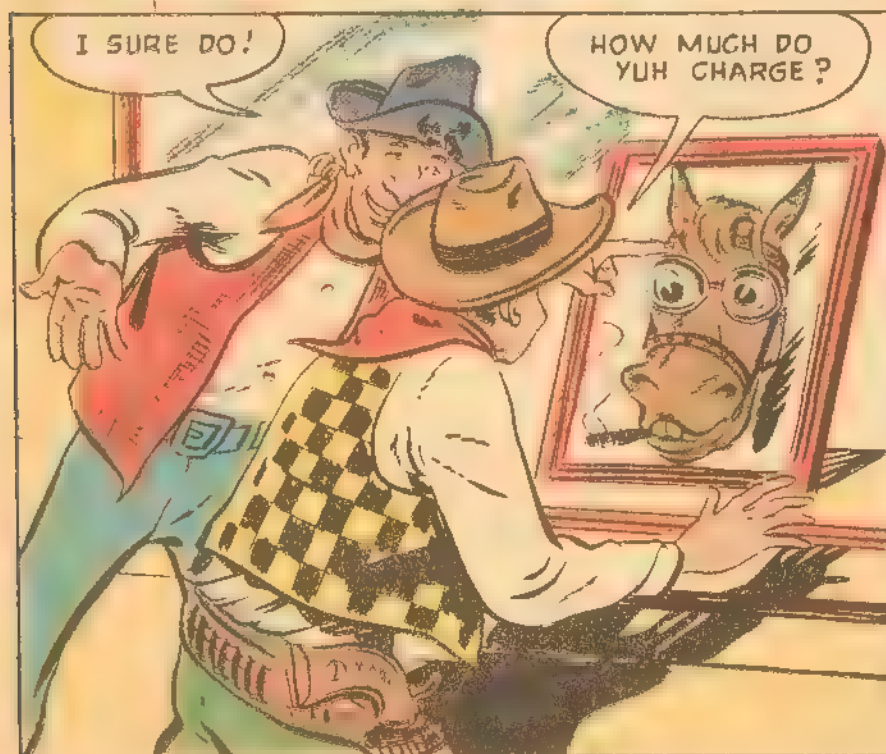
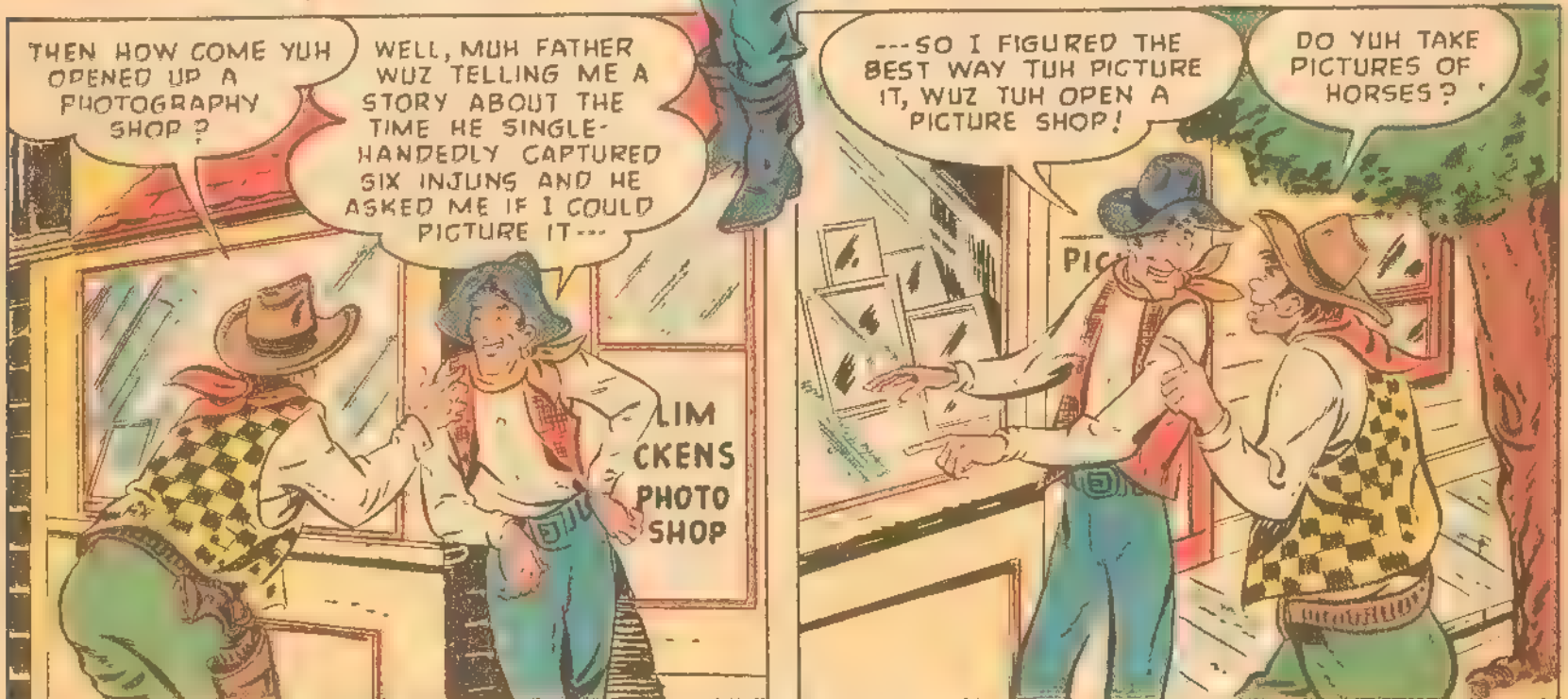


Ball **Band**

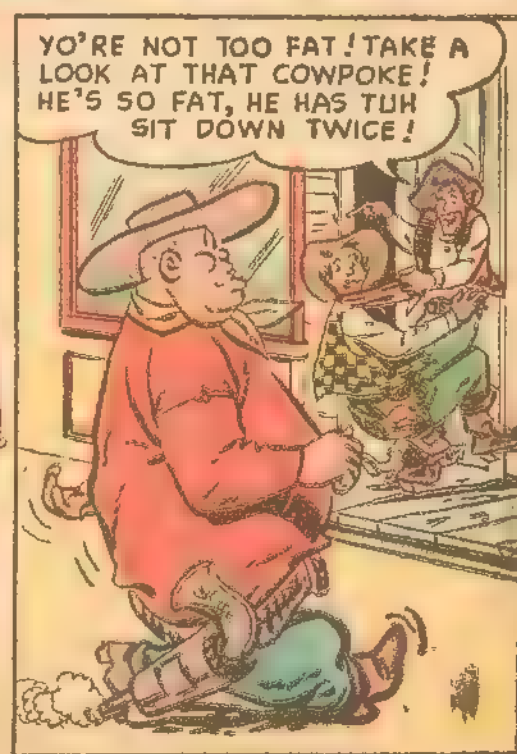
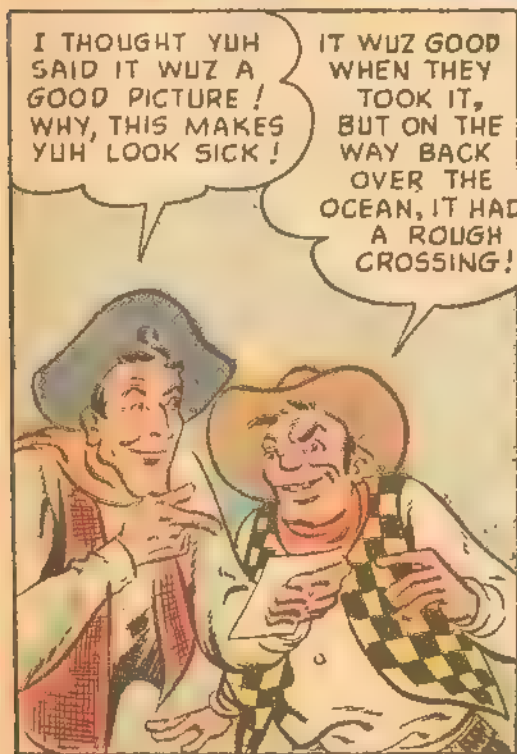
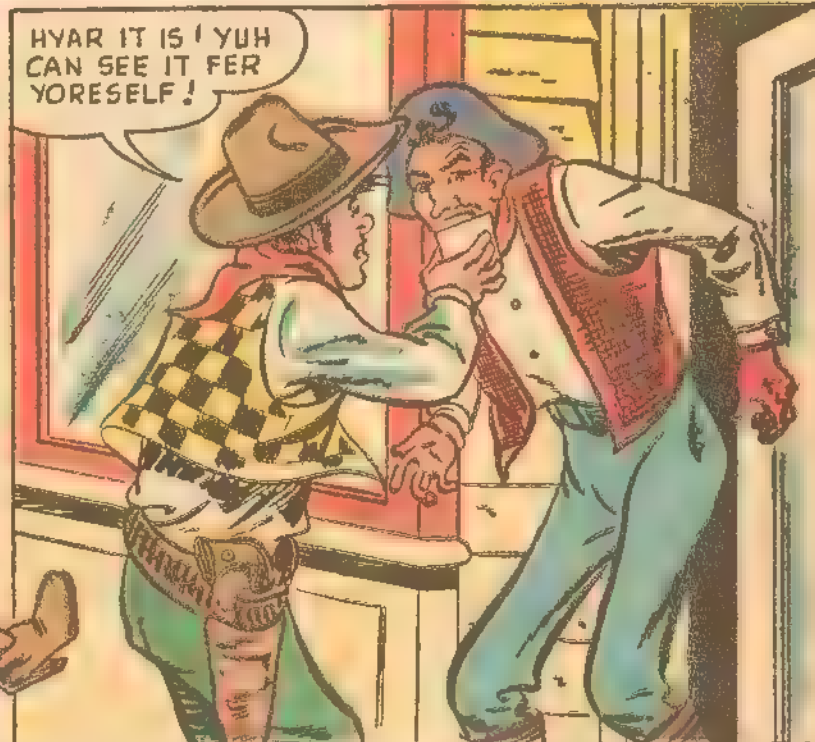
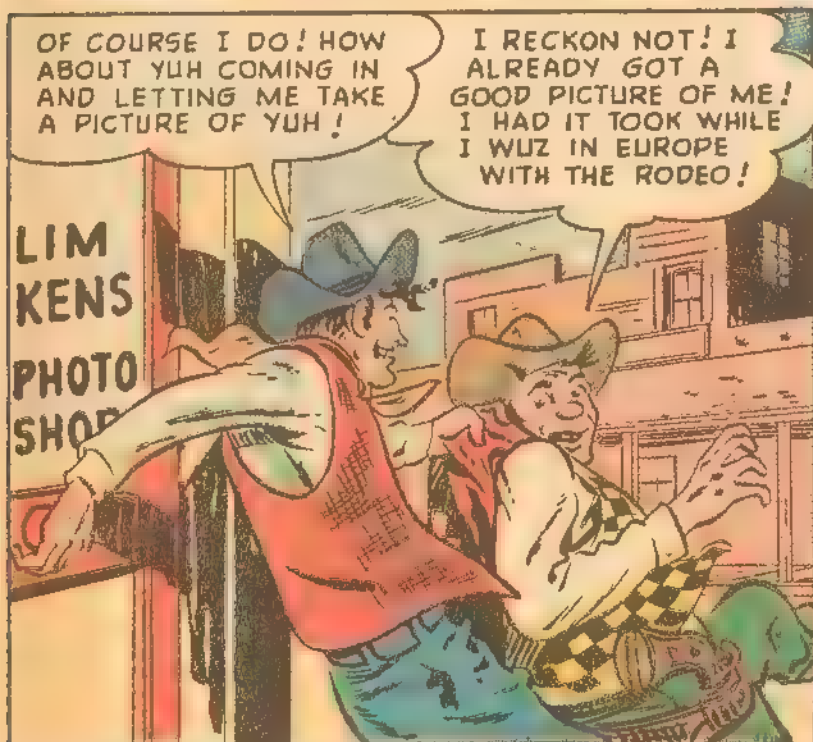
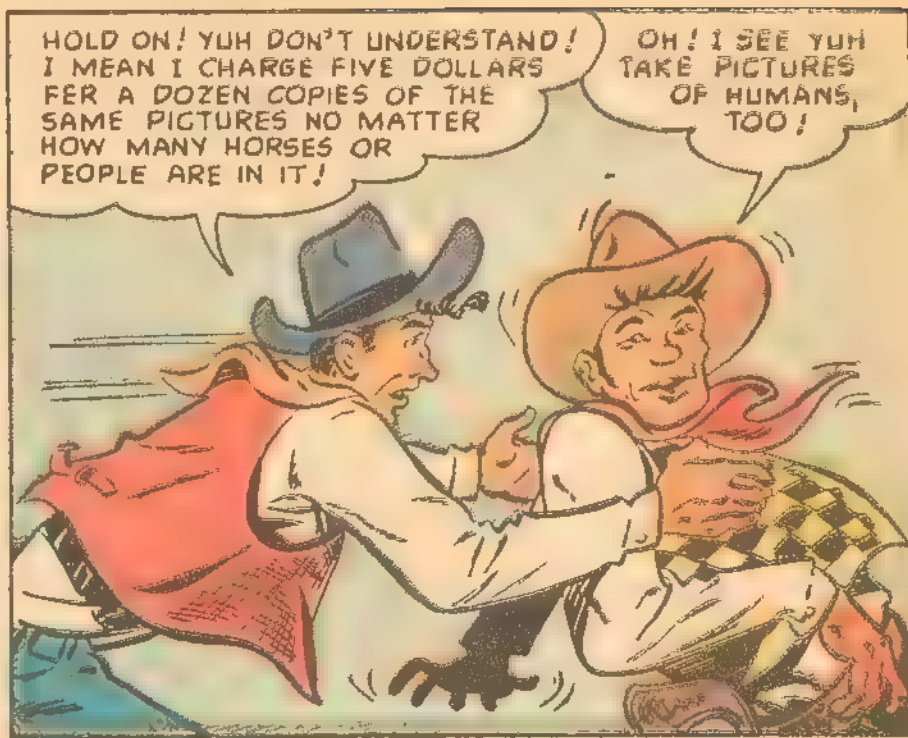
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MISHAWAKA, IND.

SLIM PICKENS

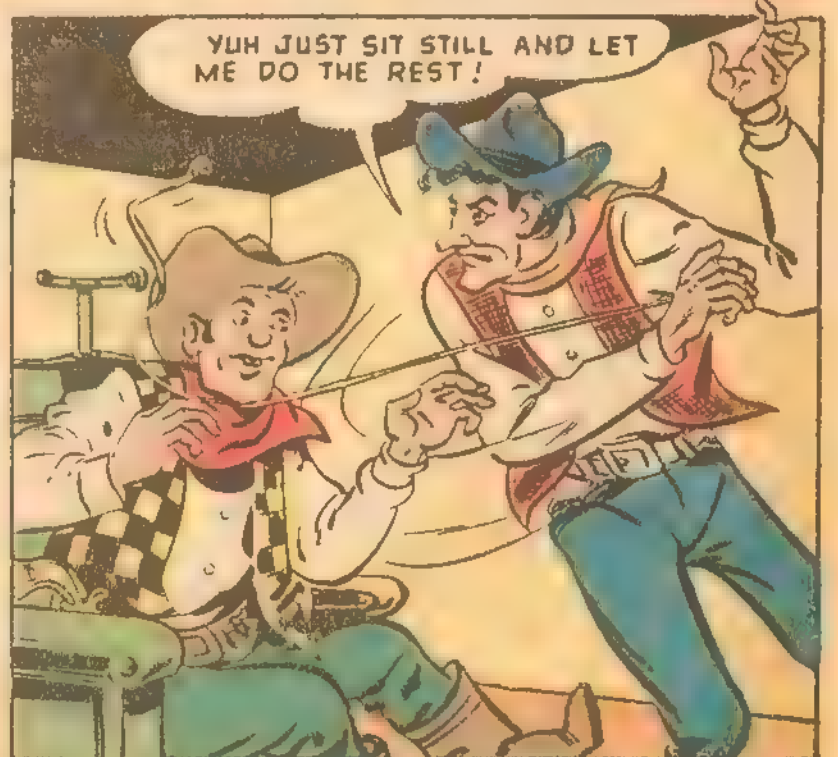
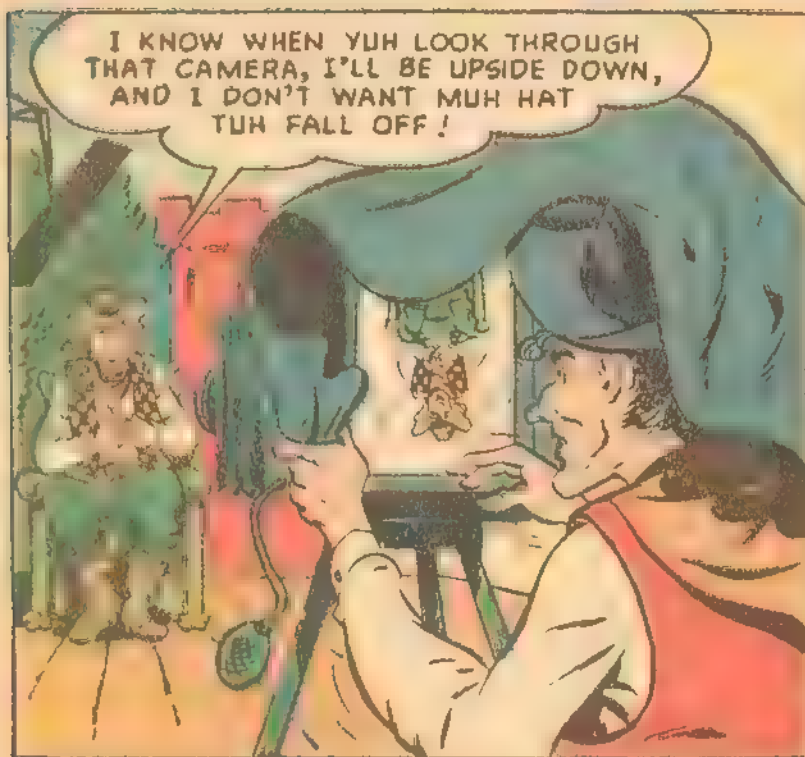
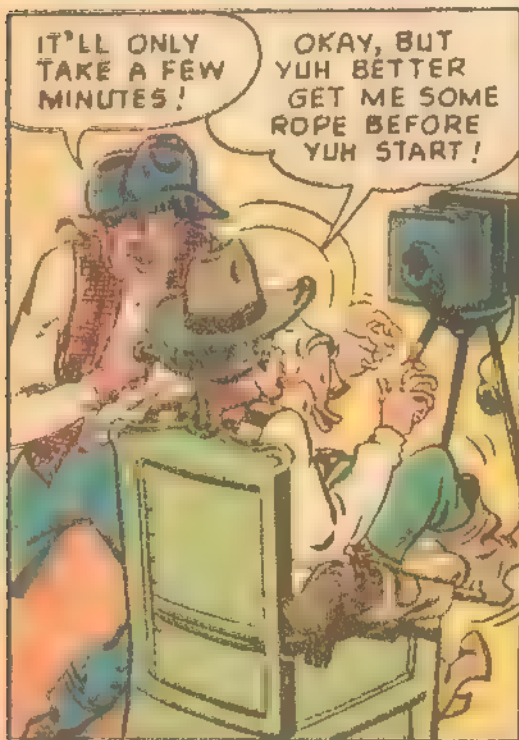
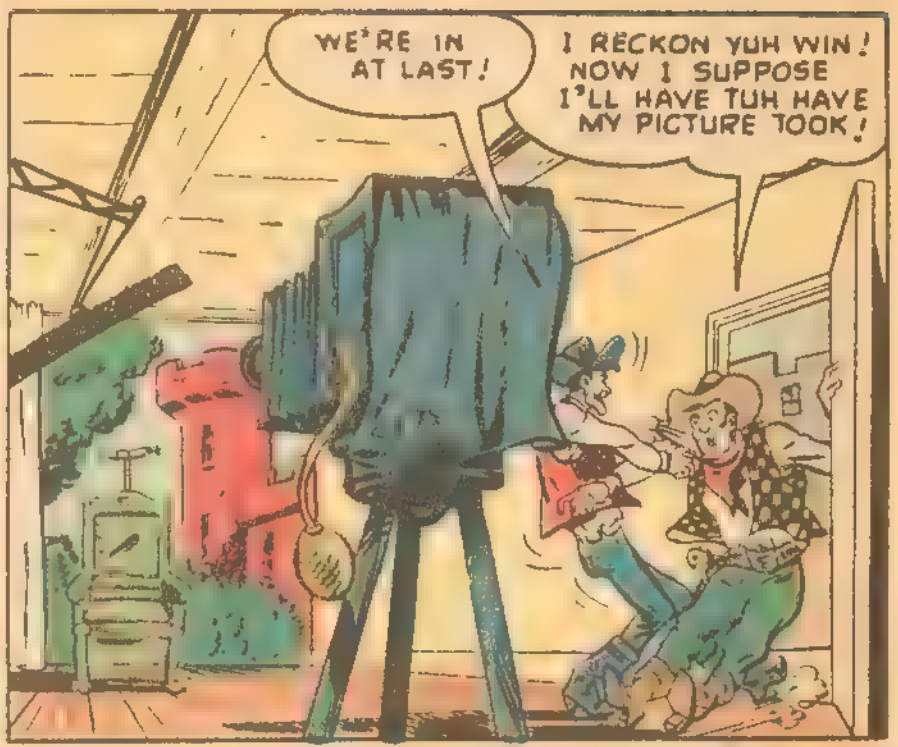
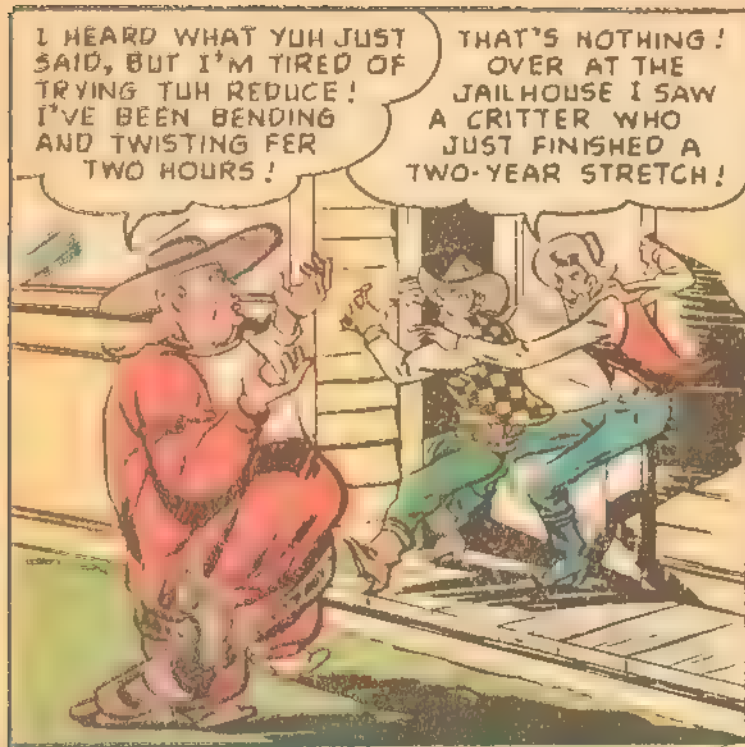
THE PHOTO FINISH



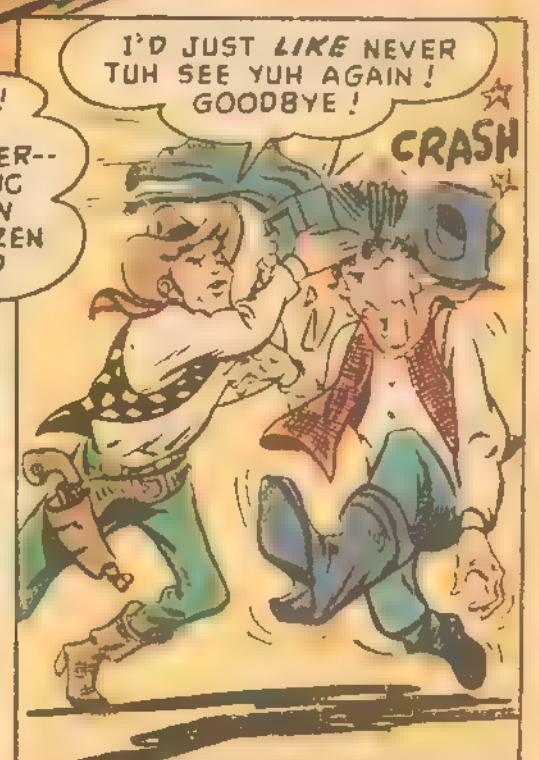
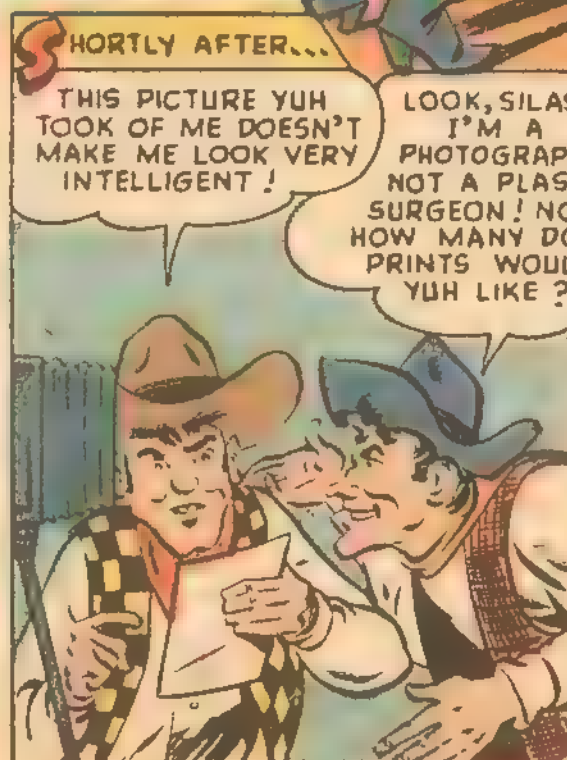
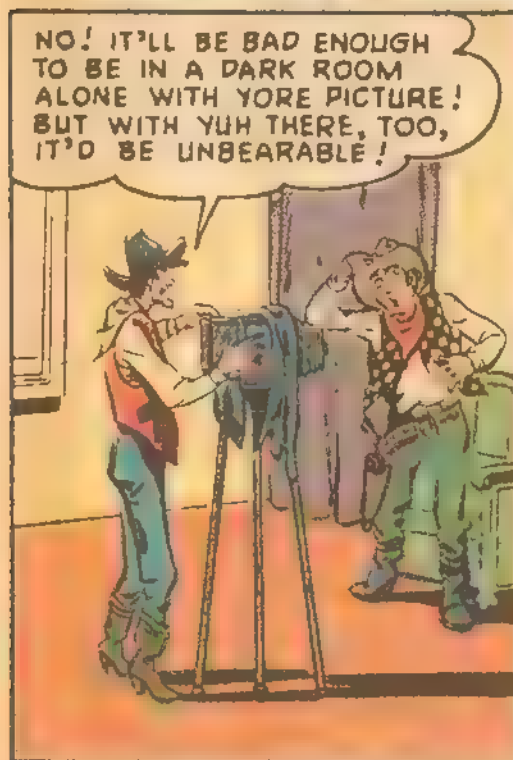
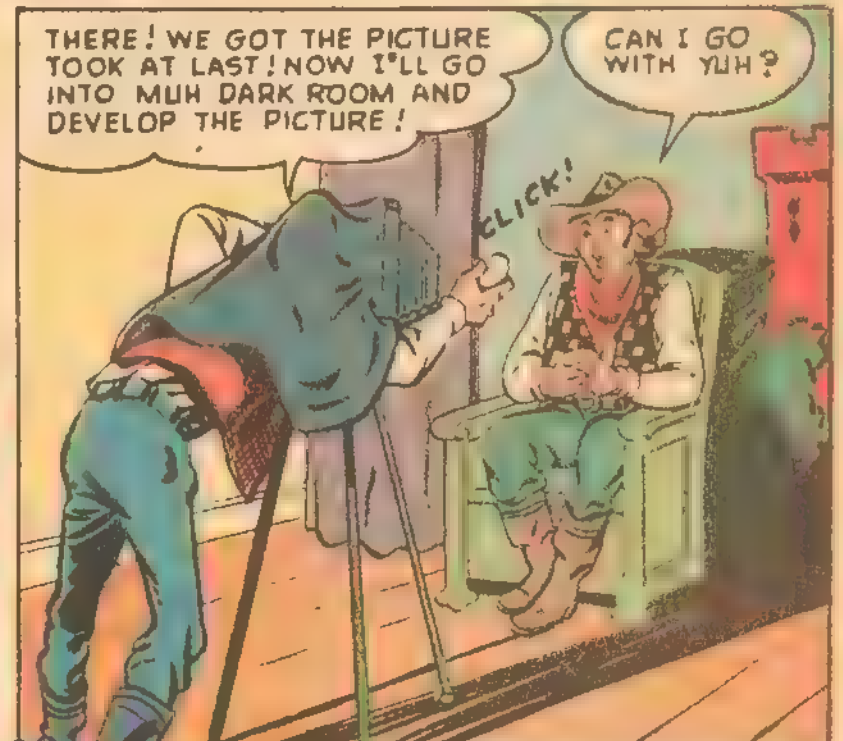
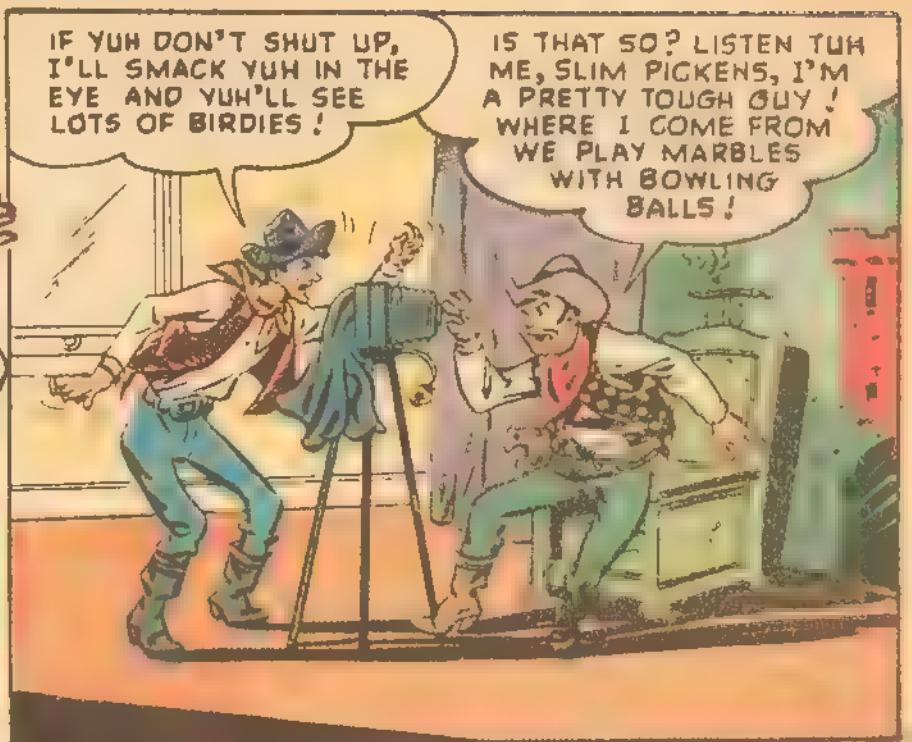
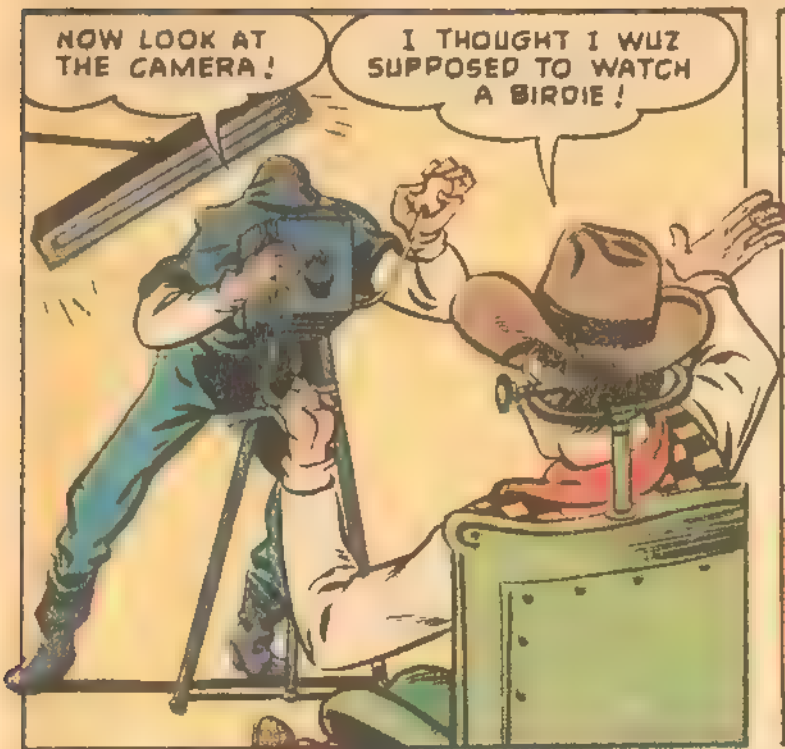
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

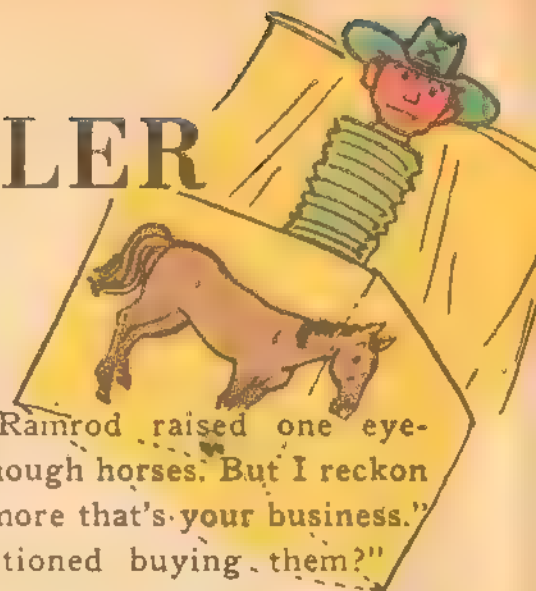


ROCKY LANE WESTERN



RELIABLE RUSTLER

By WALTER FARMER



RAMROD KEENE took another look at the man across the table. There was no mistaking the face, the slit eyes, the deep scar across the forehead, the black hair coming to a widow's peak in the middle. Ramrod knew he had seen that face before.

He had seen it in a WANTED poster. No matter what name he was using now, the man was definitely Killer Candra, wanted for murder and other crimes down Texas way.

Ramrod ate his chow and said nothing. He was not a lawman. He was merely a top hand who jobbed around at whatever ranch would give him the best work at the most pay. He did not stick his nose into other people's affairs. The code of the west said it wasn't generally too healthy to inquire about another man's past.

Yet, deep within himself, Ramrod Keene hated lawlessness and was loathe to associate with criminals. As he munched thoughtfully on his food he considered the possibility of saddling up and moving on. But his curiosity was disturbing him. He had noticed that quite a number of the men at the Lazy J seemed more like outlaws than genuine, hardworking cowhands. He couldn't describe exactly what told him that. There was something furtive in their manner.

"Wonder if Mr. Snavely knows about it?" he thought, as he rose from the table. "I wouldn't like to be the one to tell him. Yet he's treated me all right and I'd hate to see him taken in by a bunch of outlaws."

Mr. Snavely was the owner of the Lazy J. Ramrod had been told to report to him after chuck. He headed for Snavely's living quarters now.

"You've got a reputation as a good man with horses," said Snavely after inviting the tall cowhand to sit. "I'm getting some more, a whole lot more, and I'm thinking of putting you in charge of them."

"More horses?" Ramrod raised one eyebrow. "You've got enough horses. But I reckon if you want to buy more that's your business."

"Buy? Who mentioned buying them?"

"I don't know but three ways to get a horse," said Ramrod slowly. "You buy it or somebody gives it to you or you . . ."

"You steal it!" Snavely finished. "We might as well get down to brass tacks. I know who you are."

"You do?" The cowman's astonishment was not feigned.

"Yes," said the ranch owner. "I do. And we're all in a big operation where we can make a lot of money. I need plenty of good horses. You're just the boy to rustle 'em for me. You'll get your cut. You'll be paid well. But that's not all."

"Not all?"

"No sir," responded Snavely, leaning back with hands clasped behind his neck. "Stick with me and you'll be a duke in my kingdom."

"Your kingdom?"

Snavely chuckled. "I realize it's a hard picture for you small time bandits to grasp. Your idea of a big haul is to grab a pouch of gold dust from the stage. But with my plan, I'll rule this whole territory. Soon I'll have the whole West. I'll have plenty of horses, plenty of men to ride 'em, plenty of guns and ammunition. And believe me, the men we've got are just like yourself. They shoot straight and shoot to kill."

"But I never killed anyone," protested Ramrod.

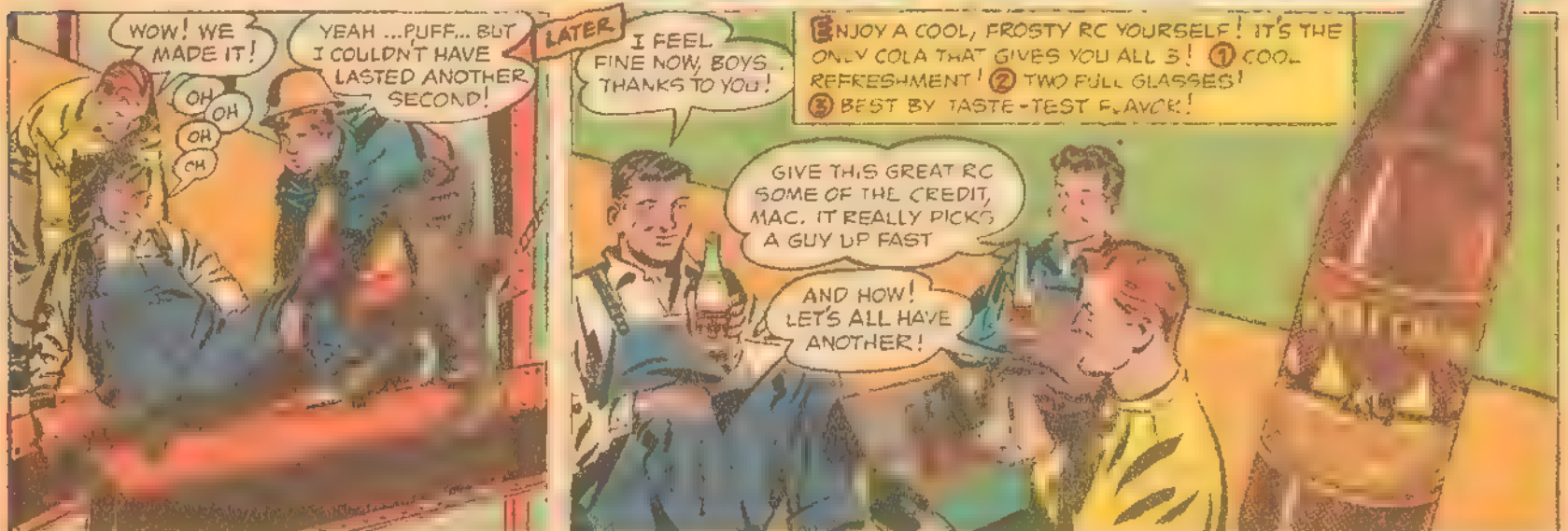
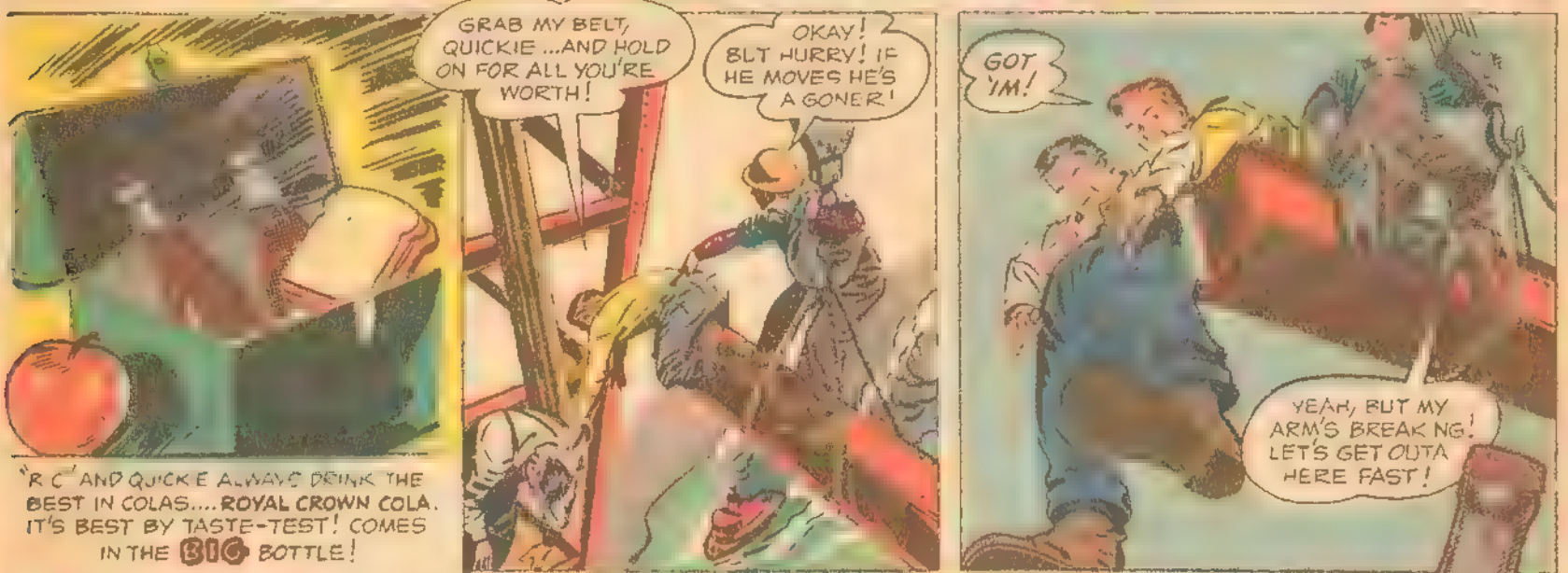
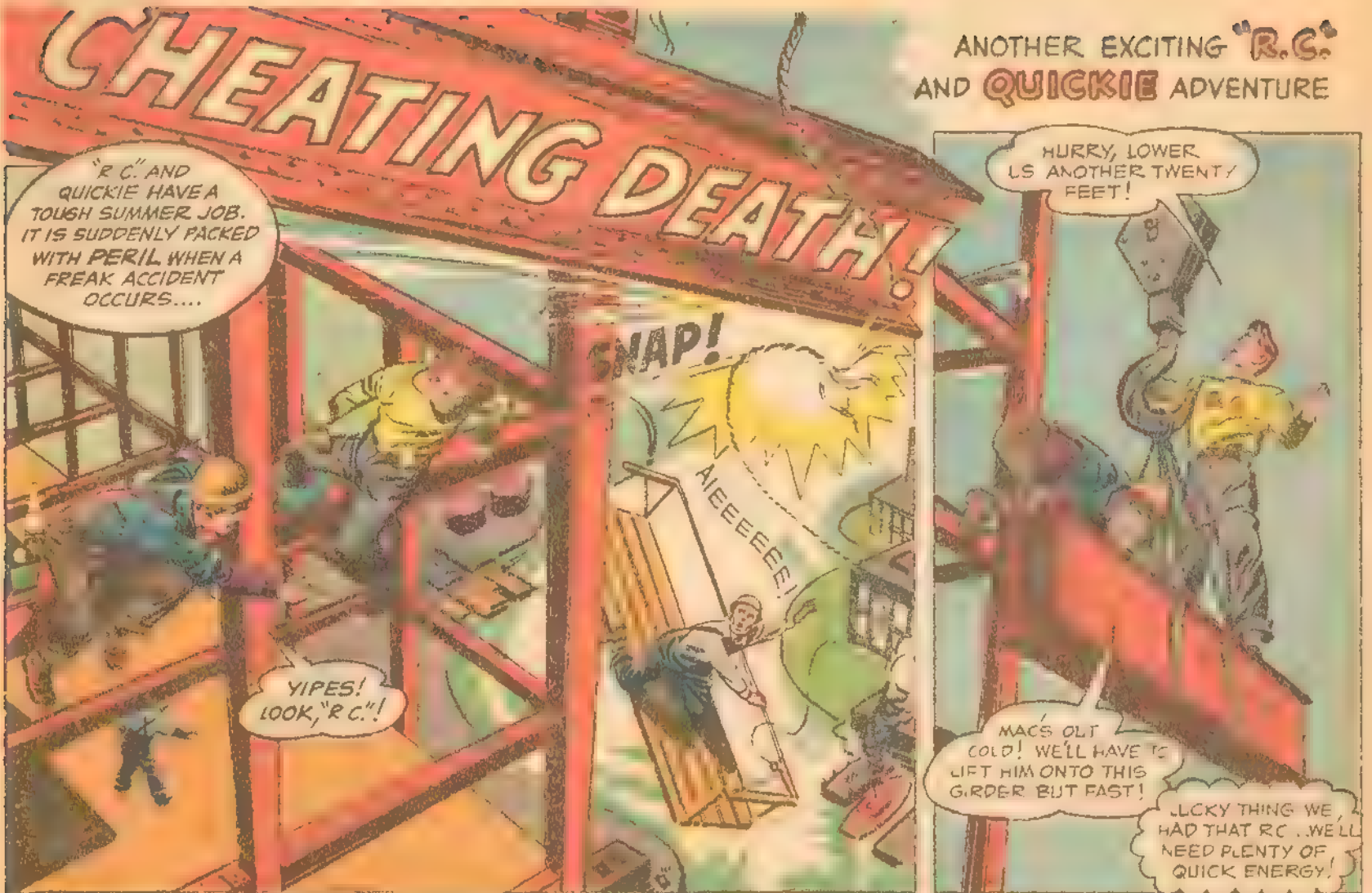
Snavely laughed again. It was a harsh, bitter laugh. "You're quite a kidder," he said. "You who are wanted in three states for murder, Mr. Montana Kid!"

RAMROD KEENE was astonished and shocked at the sudden realization of what must have happened. A case of mistaken

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

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ANOTHER EXCITING "R.C."
AND QUICKIE ADVENTURE



identity! He'd been hired at the Lazy J because someone mistook him for the Montana Kid!

Ramrod realized how it could happen. He knew the Montana Kid, a lead-slinging desperado, by reputation and description. Ramrod and the Kid had the same general dimensions. Both were tall and slender with broad shoulders. Both had fairly regular features. Both had shocks of unruly red hair. And, since the Montana Kid had a reputation for using aliases, it was not unthinkable that he should choose such a name as Ramrod Keene.

"There's no use denying that I am who I am," he said slowly to Snavelly. "And I do know about horses and I'm always ready to make an honest dollar."

"Honest dollar!" chuckled Snavelly. "You've got a real sense of humor, Mr. Montana Kid."

"I'd just as soon you wouldn't call me by that handle," said Ramrod, stalling for time.

"It's safe enough," Snavelly assured him. "There's nobody here that'd go running to the law. All these hombres are in the same fix you are. If they don't all hang together, they'll all hang separately, as Benjamin Franklin said."

RAMROD KEENE was on a spot, and knew it. If it were soon discovered that he was not really the famous outlaw, his life would not be worth a snap. If, on the other hand, he successfully carried on the pretense, he'd surely become involved in crimes that would land a noose around his neck.

He made a decision quickly. He stood up and leaned across the desk. "I'll get horses," he said. "I'll bring them here. But remember this, I do it alone. I do it *my* way. And I'm *not* the Montana Kid!"

Ramrod turned on his heel, walked out swiftly, mounted his horse, and rode away from the ranch. He had been gone only an hour or so when a tall, red-headed man appeared in Snavelly's doorway and said, "You're Snavelly, aren't you? I'm sorry I'm late. Expected to sign on here most a week ago, but I had to detour to duck a posse. I'm the Montana Kid."

Snavelly was worried. He had no doubt that this was the real Montana Kid. The man had a handbill with his own picture on it. Yet Snavelly could not really call the other man an imposter. Ramrod had never claimed to be Montana. He had carefully denied it in fact.

A lookout shouted that horses were coming. Snavelly and his band of outlaws could see them in the distance. They could see two dozen horses and one rider. There was no mistaking the tall man in the saddle. He was Ramrod Keene. He rode at the head of the procession of equines.

"Whew!" exclaimed Snavelly. "He's a rustler after all. And fast. He may not be the Montana Kid, but he's O.K." He watched with a pleased smile as Ramrod and the horses dipped into a shallow ravine and trailed out of sight behind a hillock, heading for the winding road that would bring them to the ranch.

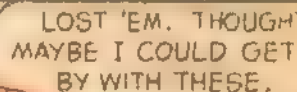
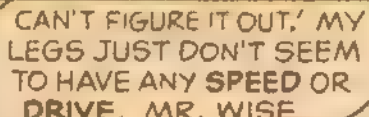
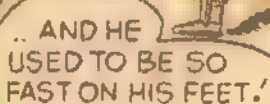
When next the horses came in sight they were already in the ranch yard, approaching the corral. One of the outlaws shouted a warning, but it was too late. A gun barked. The horses were now plunging straight toward Snavelly and his crew. And on each of them appeared, as if by magic, a U. S. cavalryman, fully armed and ready to fight. They had been clinging to the offside of the horses, Indian fighter style, as Ramrod led them upon the ranch from a distance. This had made the horses appear to be riderless.

THE battle was over swiftly and without much bloodshed. The outlaws, in the face of cavalry fire, were quick to throw down their guns. The Montana Kid, Killer Candra, Snavelly and all the others were quickly captured.

"I promised to bring you some horses, Mr. Snavelly," said Ramrod, "and I knew the nearest place to get them would be from my old cavalry outfit camped just over the ridge. But my buddies kind of like their mounts and decided to come along with them, just for the ride. I hope this doesn't interfere too much with your plans to be King of the West."

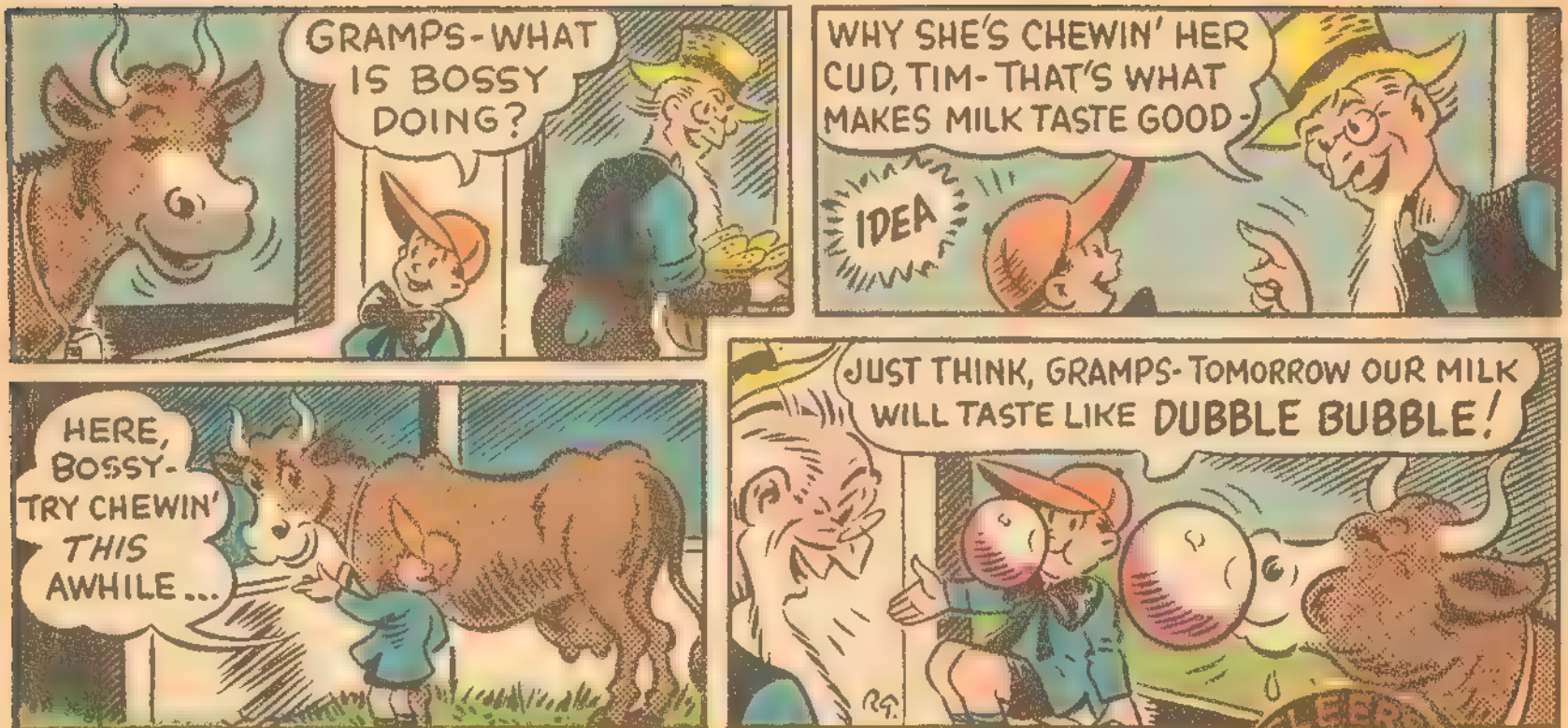
THE END

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY



TRADE MARK

"P-F" CANVAS SHOES
MADE ONLY BY
B.F. Goodrich AND
Hood Rubber Co.



GRAMPS-WHAT IS BOSSY DOING?


WHY SHE'S CHEWIN' HER CUD, TIM-THAT'S WHAT MAKES MILK TASTE GOOD-

IDEA

JUST THINK, GRAMPS-TOMORROW OUR MILK WILL TASTE LIKE DUBBLE BUBBLE!

HERE, BOSSY-TRY CHEWIN' THIS AWHILE...

Dubble Bubble Gum is best
for you and me and all the rest
GET SOME TODAY!
1¢ with Comics, Fortunes, Facts



MAJOG



THE MAGICIAN

PARDON ME, MISTER, BUT AREN'T YOU MAJOG THE MAGICIAN?

THAT'S RIGHT! I AM!



GOSH, I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU ON THE STAGE IN A LONG TIME! AREN'T YOU PERFORMING ANY MORE?

NO, I'VE GIVEN IT UP!



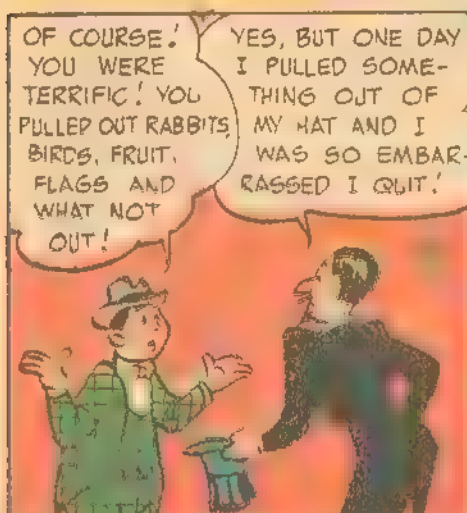
HUH? YOU STOPPED DOING YOUR MAGICIAN ACT! HOW COME?

WELL, DO YOU REMEMBER HOW I ALWAYS USED TO PULL THINGS OUT OF MY HAT?



OF COURSE! YOU WERE TERRIFIC! YOU PULLED OUT RABBITS, BIRDS, FRUIT, FLAGS AND WHAT NOT OUT!

YES, BUT ONE DAY I PULLED SOMETHING OUT OF MY HAT AND I WAS SO EMBARRASSED I QUIT!

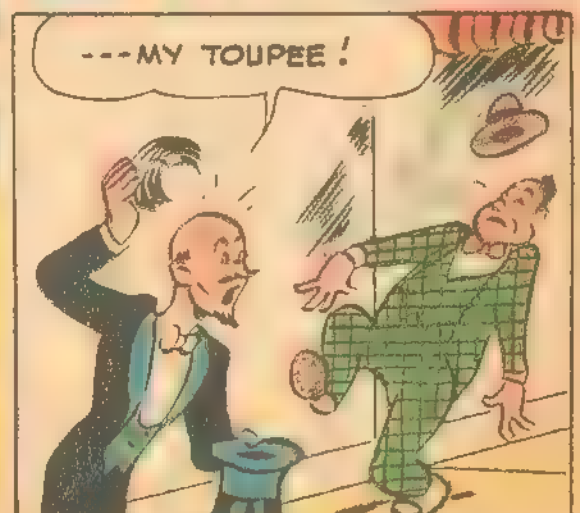


HUH? YOU PULLED SOMETHING OUT OF YOUR HAT AND YOU WERE SO EMBARRASSED YOU QUIT! WHAT WAS IT?

ER----



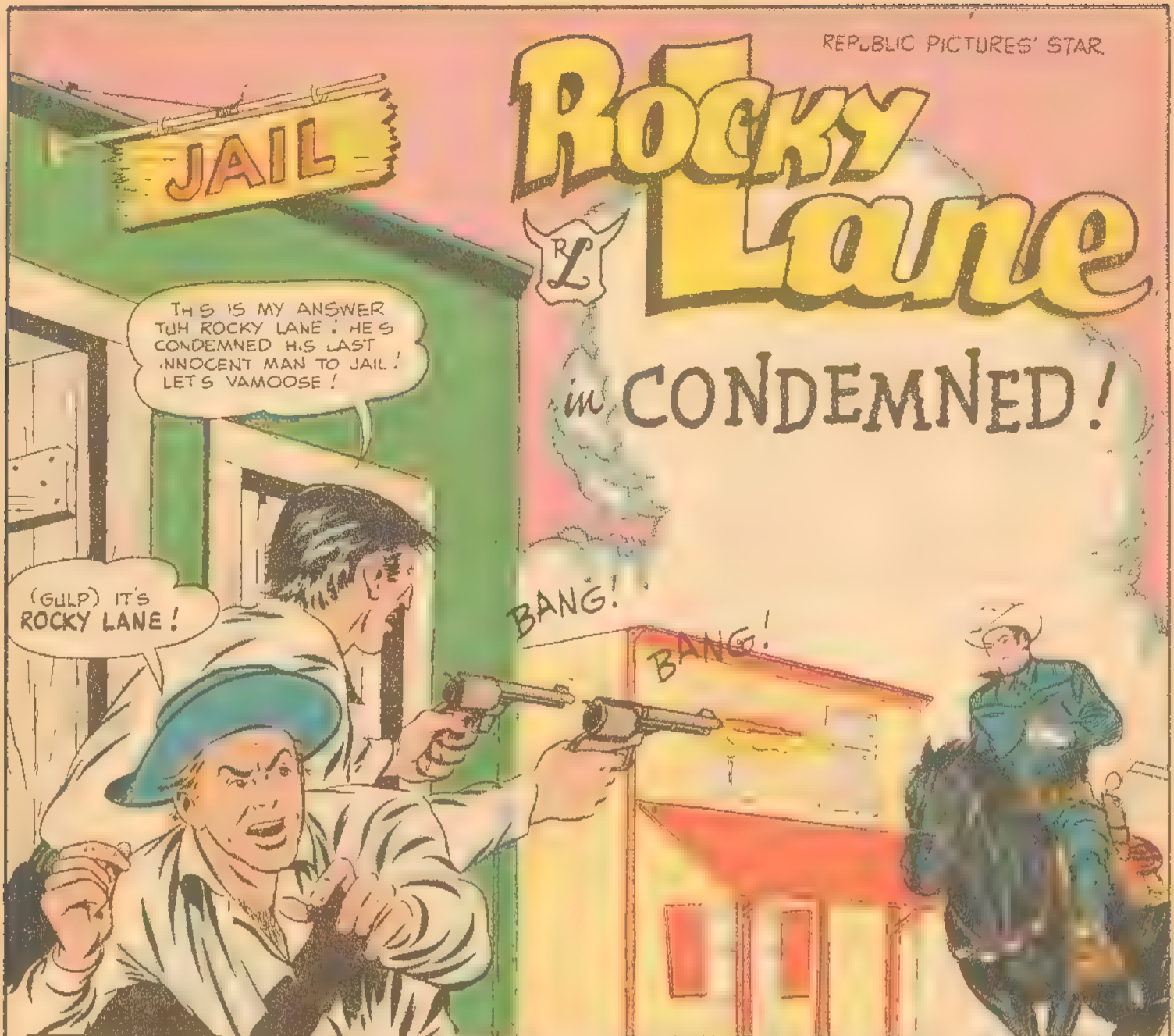
---MY TOUPEE!



REPUBLIC PICTURES' STAR

Rocky Lane

in CONDEMNED!



THIS IS MY ANSWER TUH ROCKY LANE. HE'S CONDEMNED HIS LAST INNOCENT MAN TO JAIL! LET'S VAMOOSE!

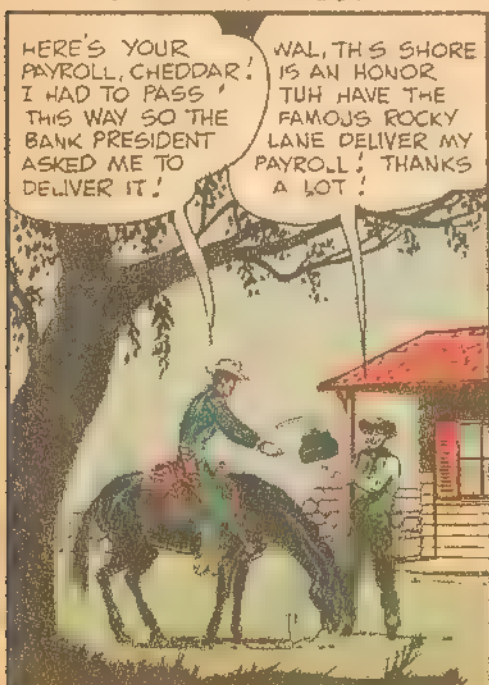
(GULP) IT'S ROCKY LANE!

BANG!

BANG!

What do these strange words mean? Can it be possible that Marshal Rocky Lane is serving the side of injustice and imprisoning innocent men? You'll find the answer in this spine-tingling action-packed yarn of suspicion and violence!

AT THE JOHN CHEDDAR LUMBER CAMP IN THE BLACK WOOD FOREST---



HERE'S YOUR PAYROLL, CHEDDAR! I HAD TO PASS THIS WAY SO THE BANK PRESIDENT ASKED ME TO DELIVER IT!

WAL, TH'S SHORE IS AN HONOR TUH HAVE THE FAMOUS ROCKY LANE DELIVER MY PAYROLL! THANKS A LOT!



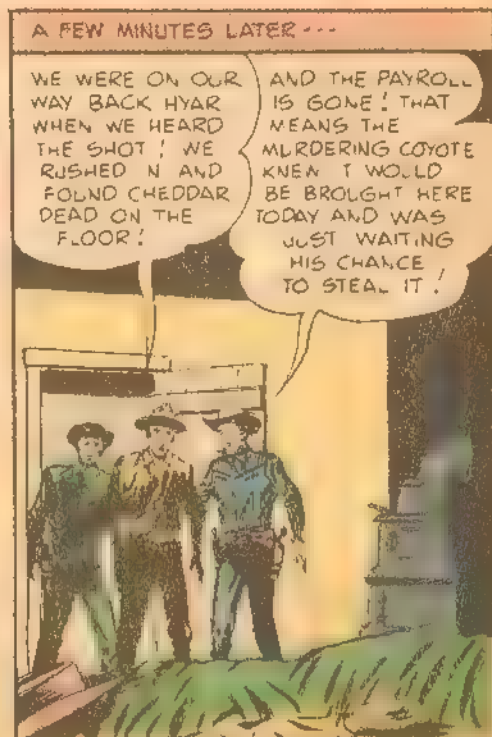
HOW 'BOUT SOME GRUB, ROCKY?

NO THANKS, CHEDDAR! I HAVE TO BE AMBLING ALONG! SEE YOU AGAIN!

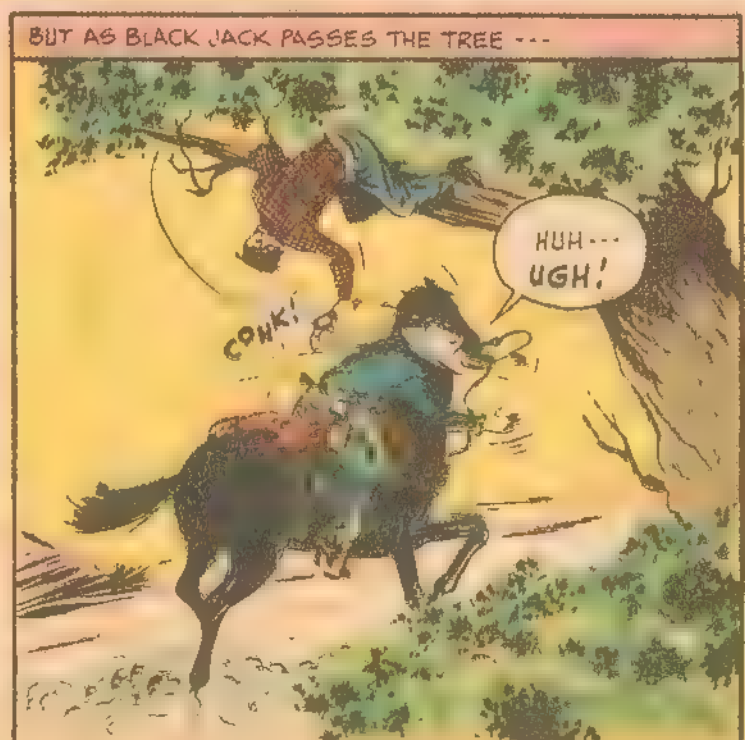
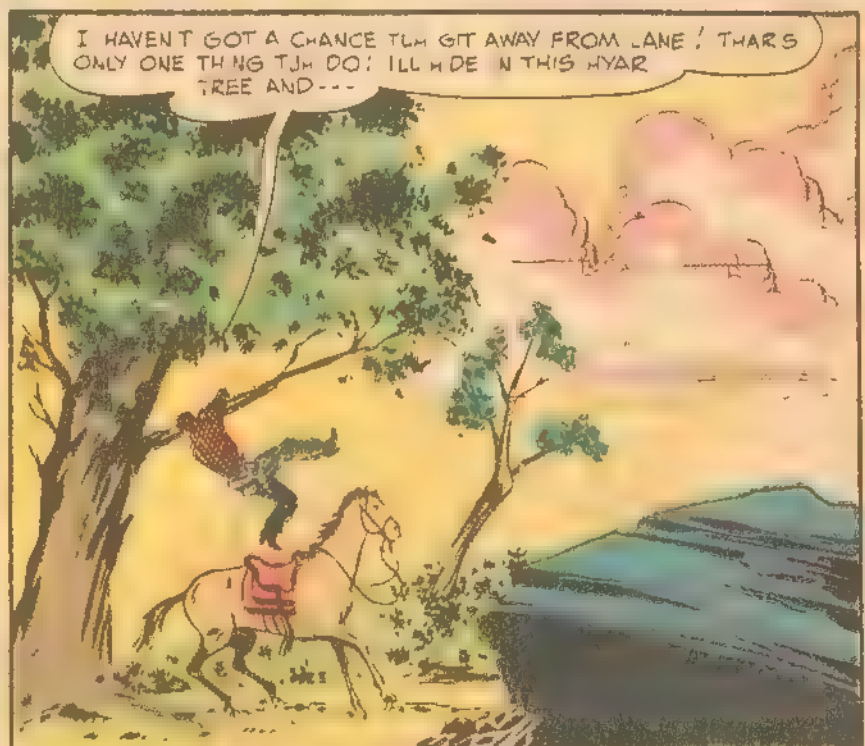


I SHORE WISH THE BOYS WERE BACK FROM THE WOODS! I ALWAYS FEEL A BIT JUMPY WHEN I HAVE ALL TH'S MONEY AND I'M HYAR ALONE!

ROCKY LANE WESTERN

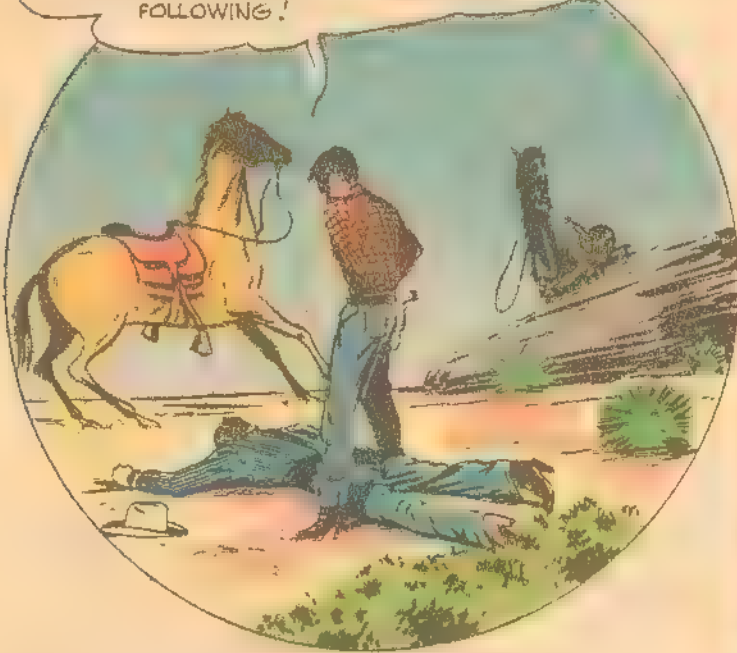


ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

THET BLOW KNOCKED HIM COLD! I FIGGERED I COULD TAKE HIM BY SURPRISE! I'VE GOTTA RIDE FAST NOW! THAR MAY BE OTHERS FOLLOWING!



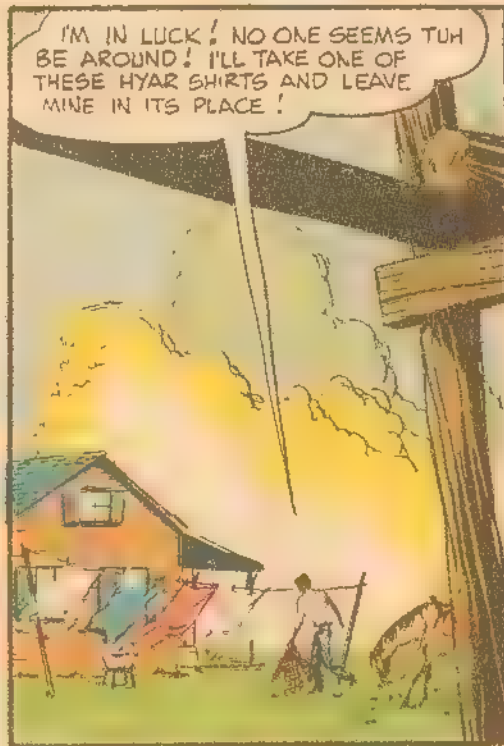
I'M A DEAD GIVEAWAY IN THIS HYAR SHIRT! I'VE GOT TUH GIT R D OF IT!



I'LL DUMP THIS SH RT---HUH? LOOK AT THET! JUST WHUT I NEED----A CLOTHESLINE WITH SOME NICE SHIRTS ON IT!



I'M IN LUCK! NO ONE SEEMS TUH BE AROUND! I'LL TAKE ONE OF THESE HYAR SHIRTS AND LEAVE MINE IN ITS PLACE!

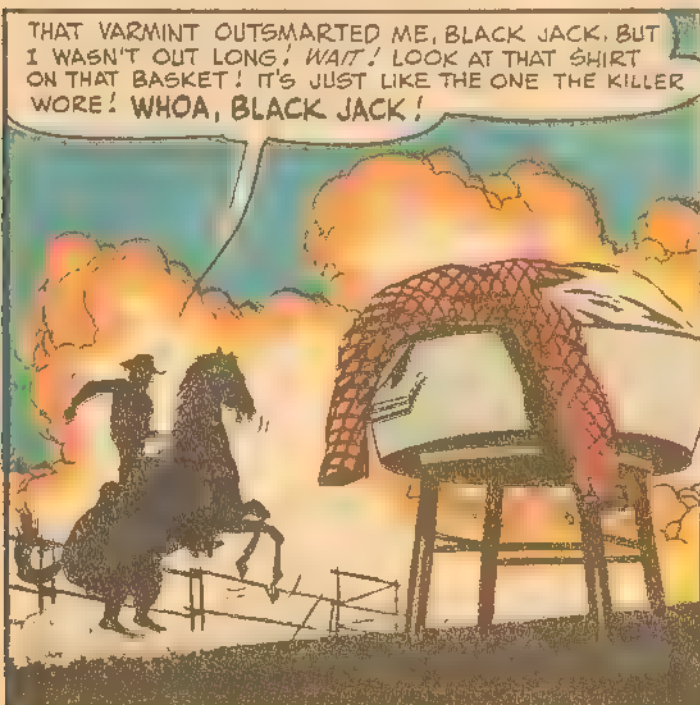


THIS IS EVEN BETTER THAN I FIGGERED! WHEN ROCKY WAKES UP, HE'S SHORE TO COME THIS WAY AND SEE MY SHIRT HYAR! HE'LL THINK THE OWNER OF THIS RANCH IS THE CRITTER THET KILLED CHEDOAR!

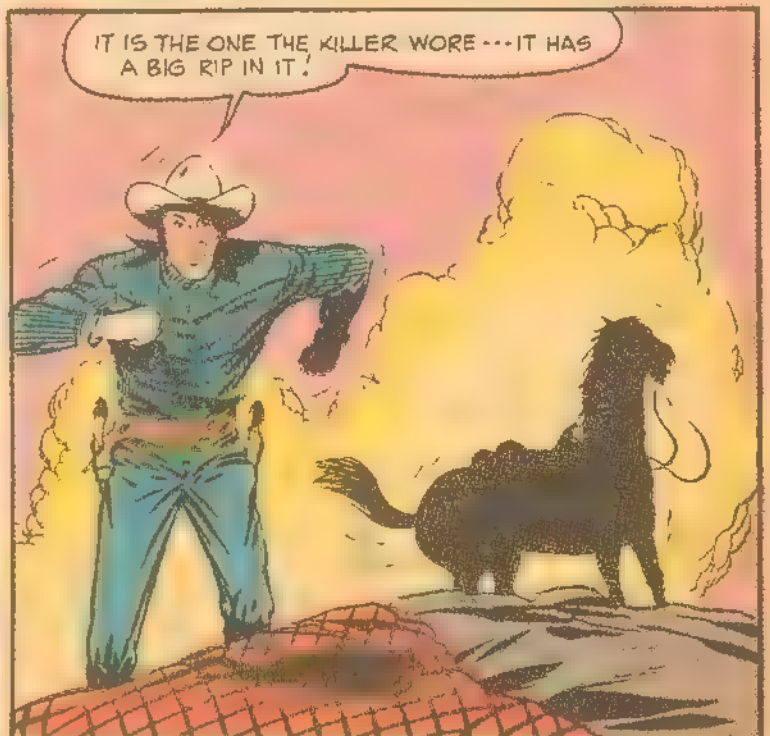


AND JUST AS THE KILLER ANTICIPATED---

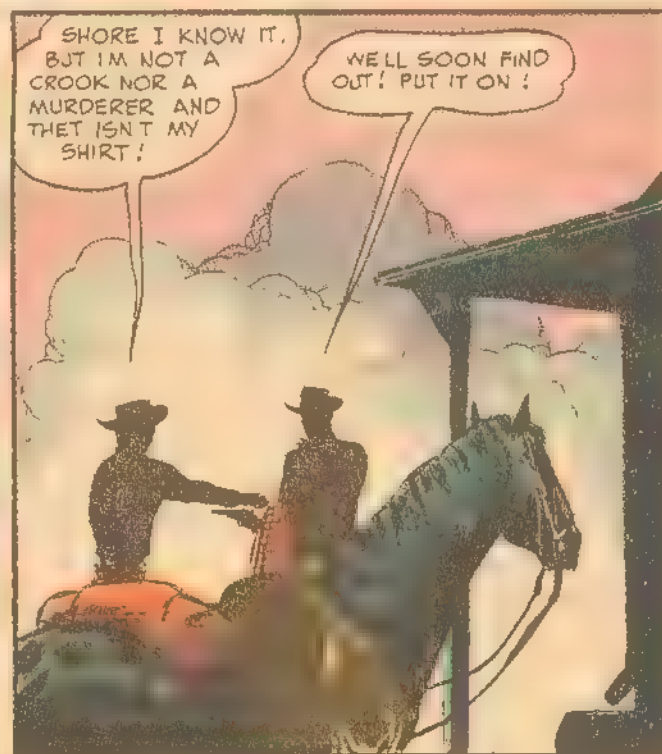
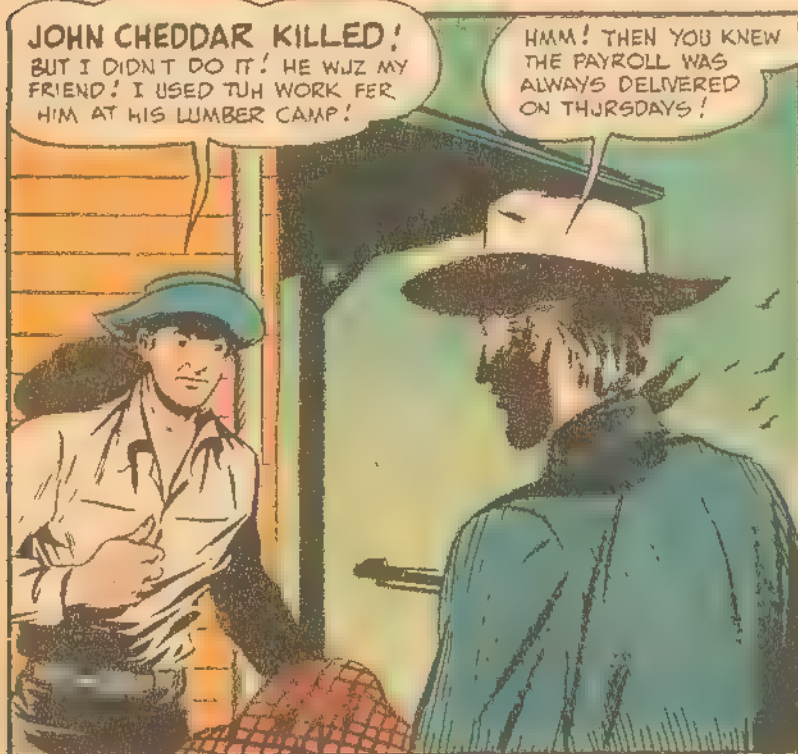
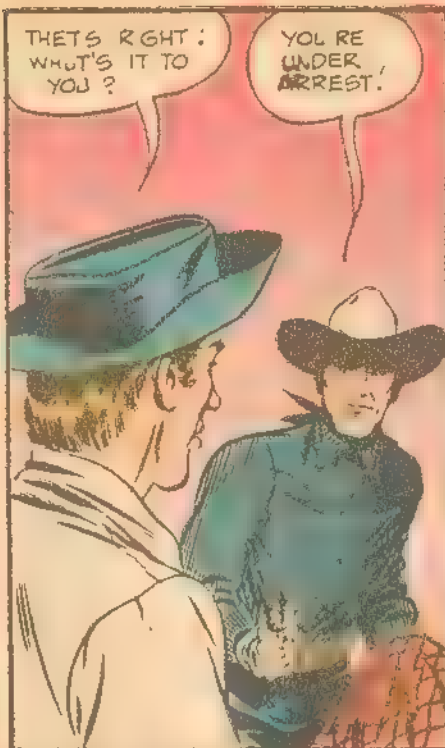
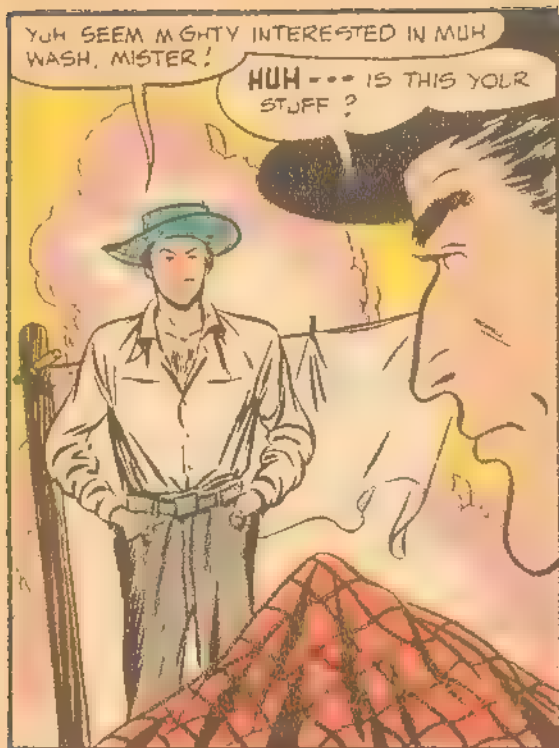
THAT VARMINT OUTSMARTED ME, BLACK JACK, BUT I WASN'T OUT LONG! WAIT! LOOK AT THAT SHIRT ON THAT BASKET! IT'S JUST LIKE THE ONE THE KILLER WORE! WHOA, BLACK JACK!



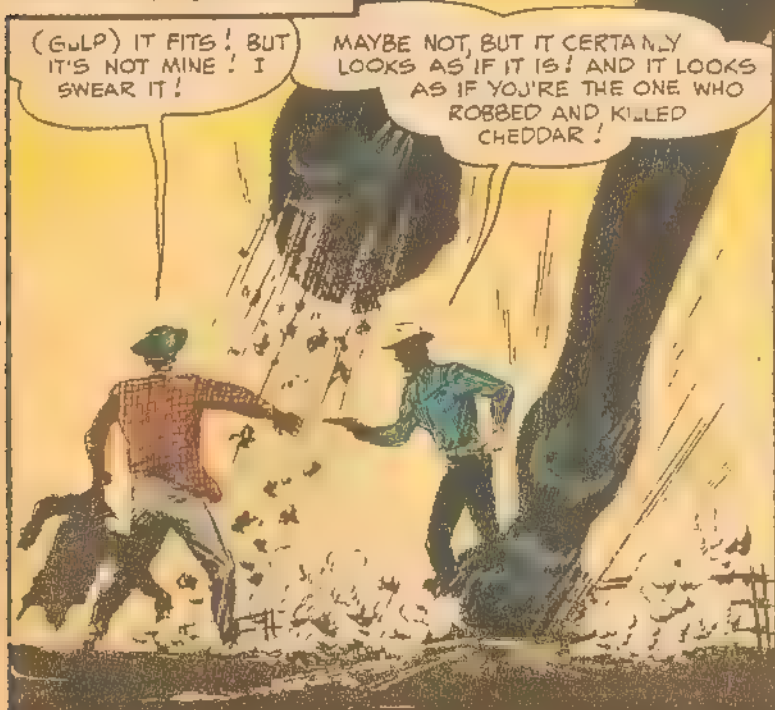
IT IS THE ONE THE KILLER WORE---IT HAS A BIG RIP IN IT!



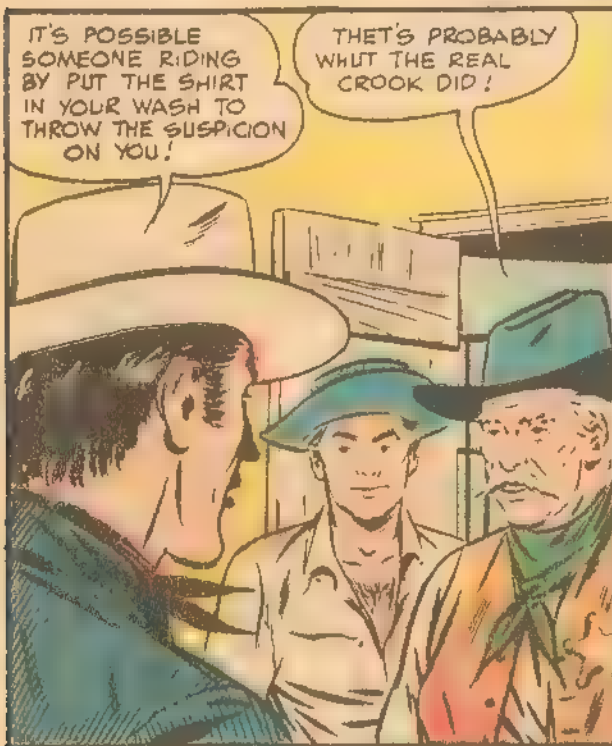
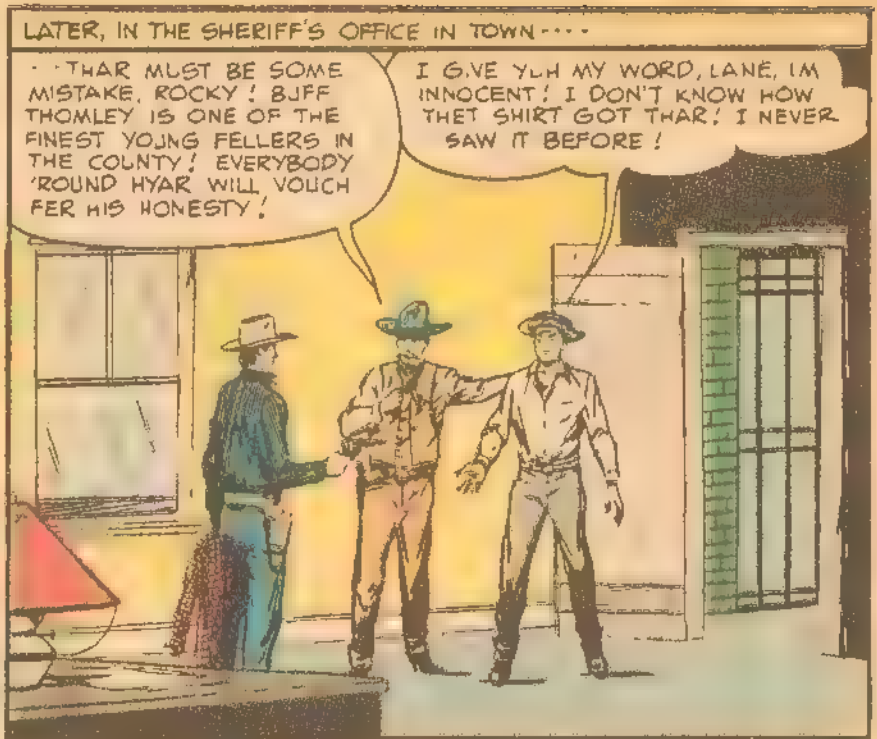
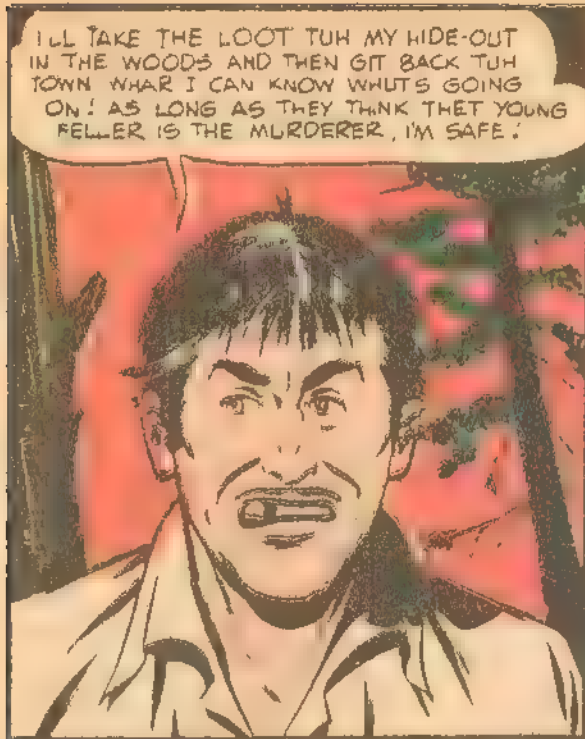
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



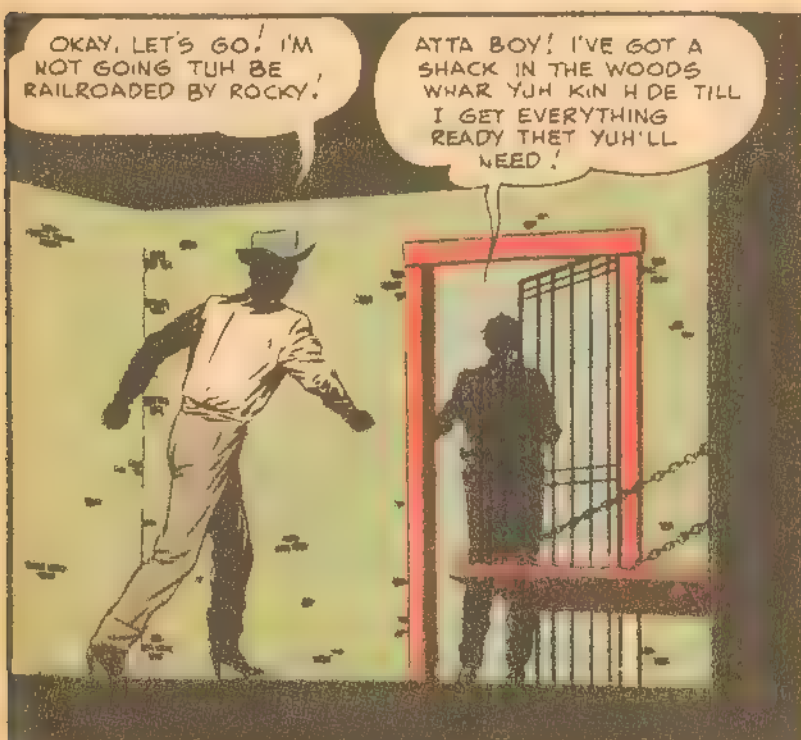
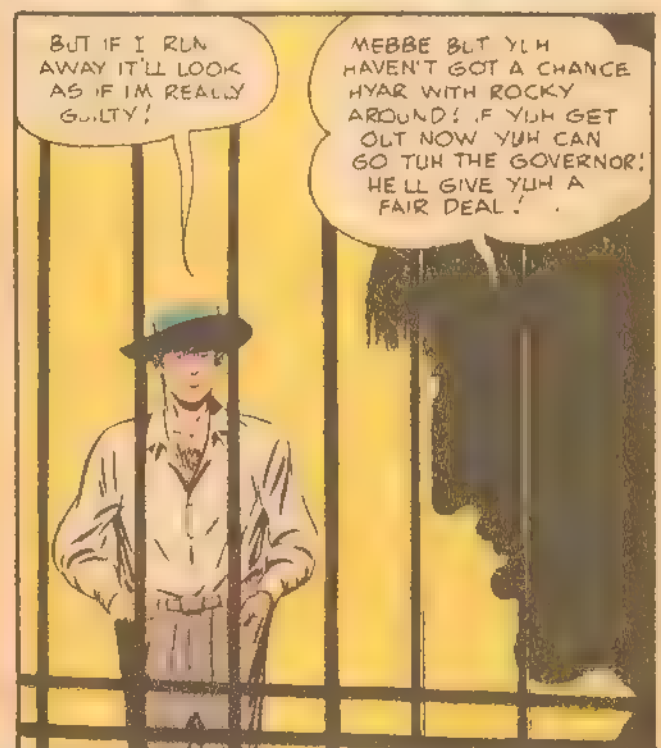
A FEW MOMENTS LATER---



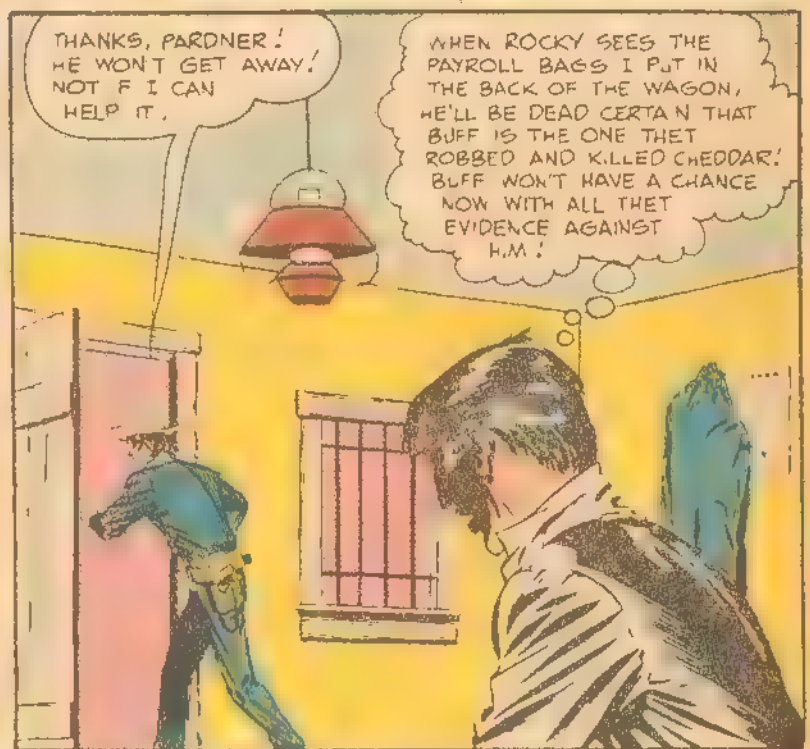
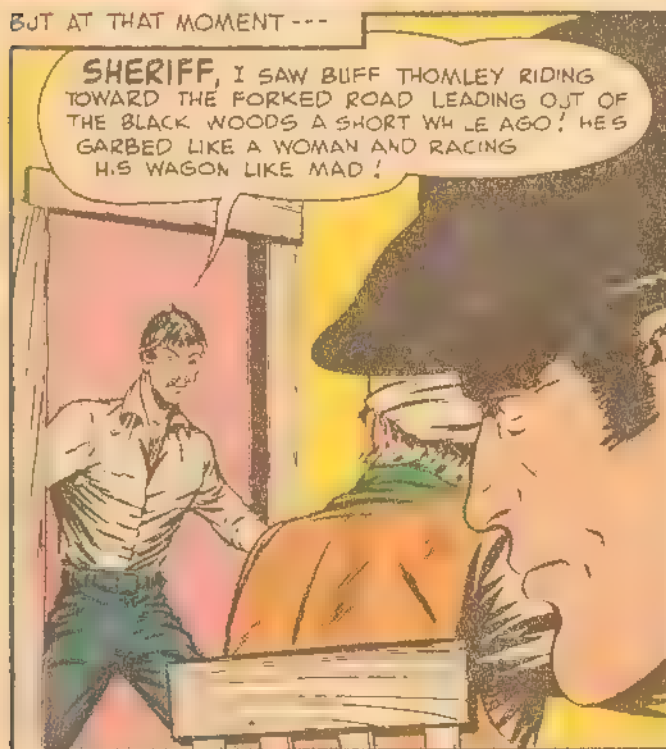
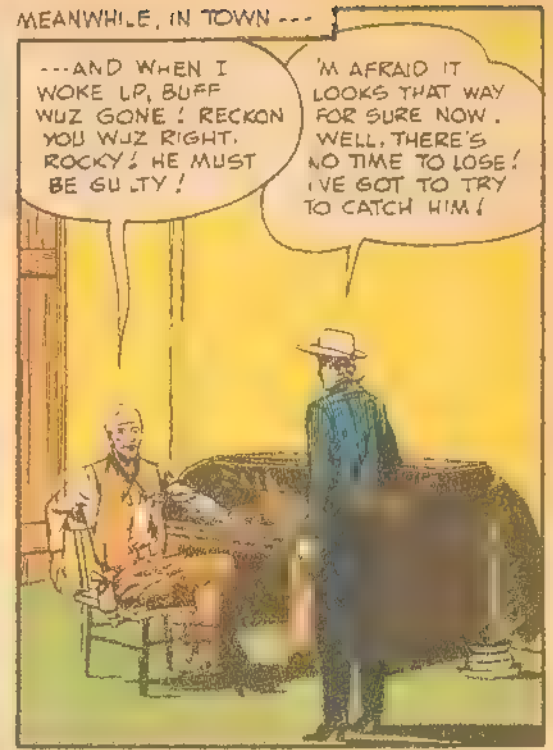
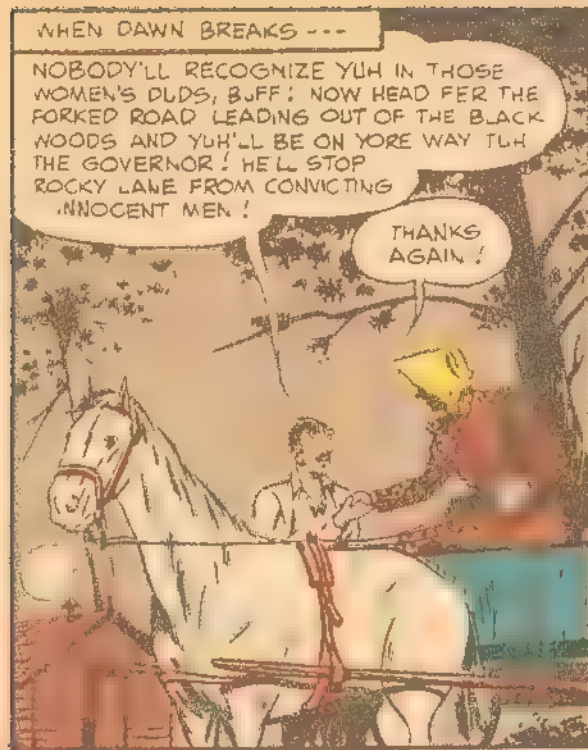
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



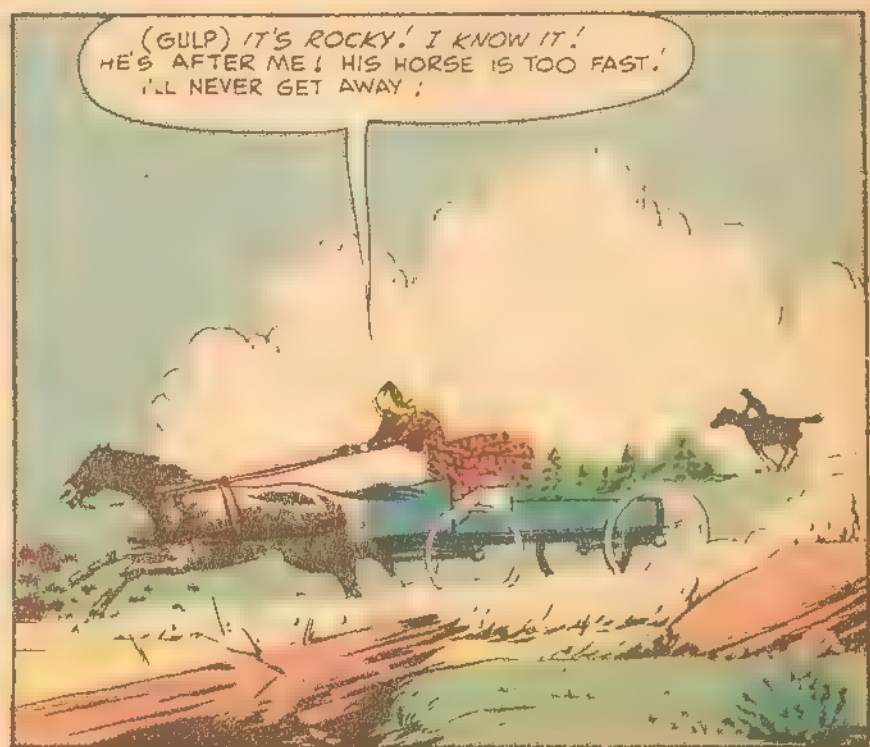
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



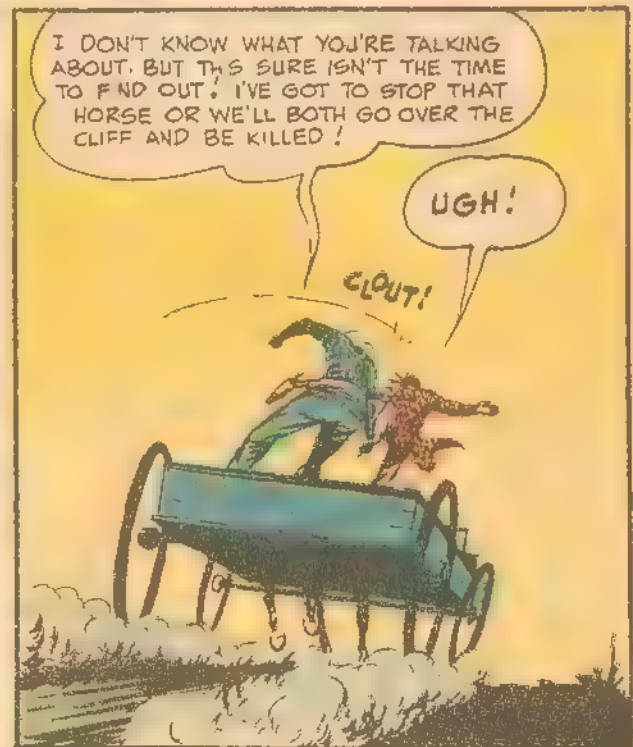
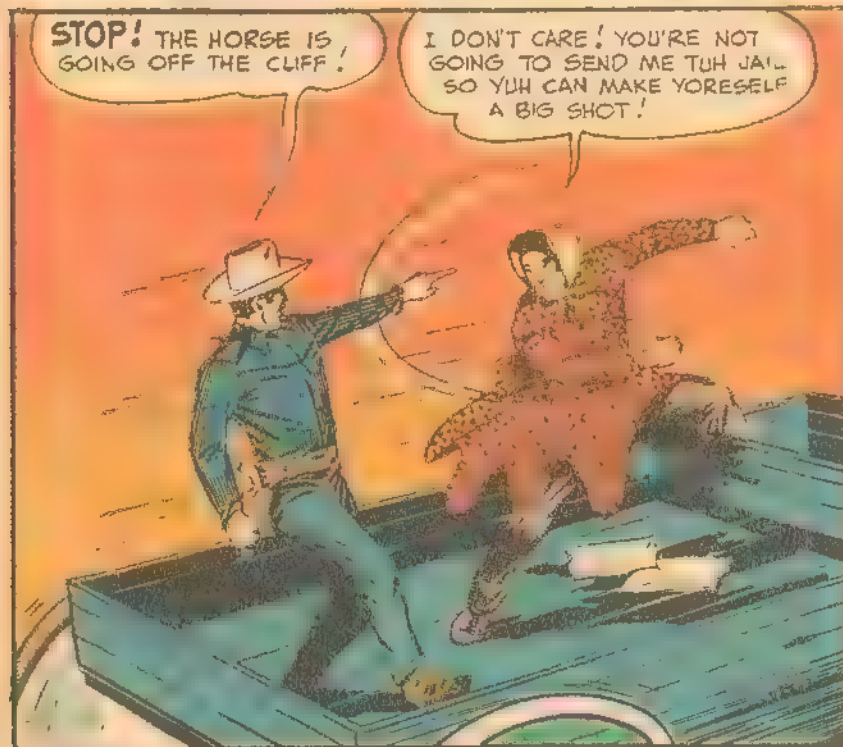
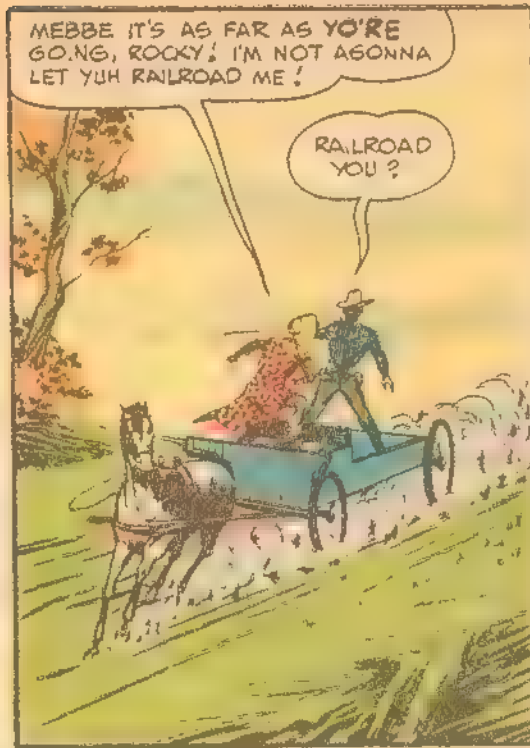
ROCKY LANE WESTERN



ROCKY SETS OUT FOR THE FORKED ROAD AND WITH BLACK JACK'S INCREDIBLE SPEED IT ISN'T LONG BEFORE ---



ROCKY LANE WESTERN

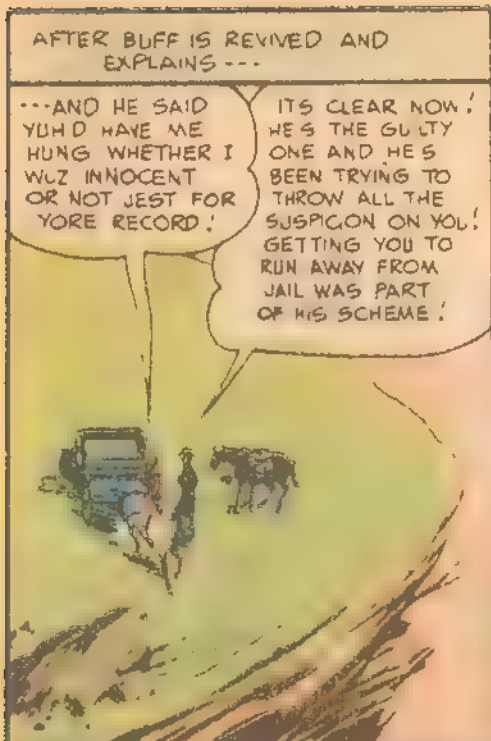


ROCKY LANE WESTERN

AFTER BUFF IS REVIVED AND EXPLAINS ---

---AND HE SAID YUH'D HAVE ME HUNG WHETHER I WUZ INNOCENT OR NOT JEST FOR YORE RECORD!

ITS CLEAR NOW! HE'S THE GULTY ONE AND HE'S BEEN TRYING TO THROW ALL THE SUSPICION ON YOL! GETTING YOU TO RUN AWAY FROM JAIL WAS PART OF HIS SCHEME!



YO'RE RIGHT! HE KNEW THET WOULD MAKE IT LOOK EVEN WORSE FER ME!

OF COURSE BUT THE IMPORTANT THING NOW IS TO GET THAT VARMINT! C'MON, BLACK JACK! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO HIS HIDE-OUT IN THE WOODS PRONTO!



MEANWHILE ---

I COULDN'T HAVE HOPED FER AN EASIER GETAWAY THAN THIS! WHILE ROCKY IS CHASING BUFF, I CAN BEAT IT ACROSS THE BORDER WITH THE WHOLE PAYROLL!

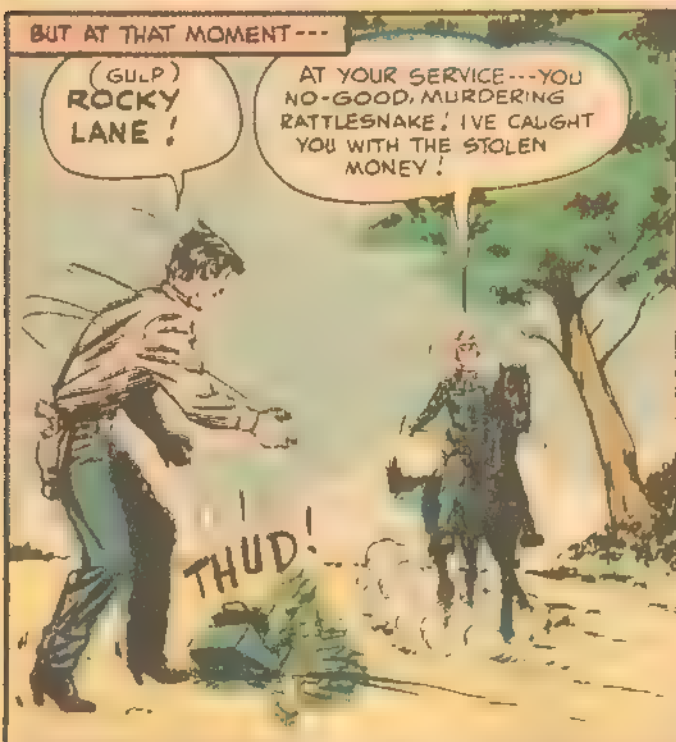


BUT AT THAT MOMENT ---

(GULP) ROCKY LANE!

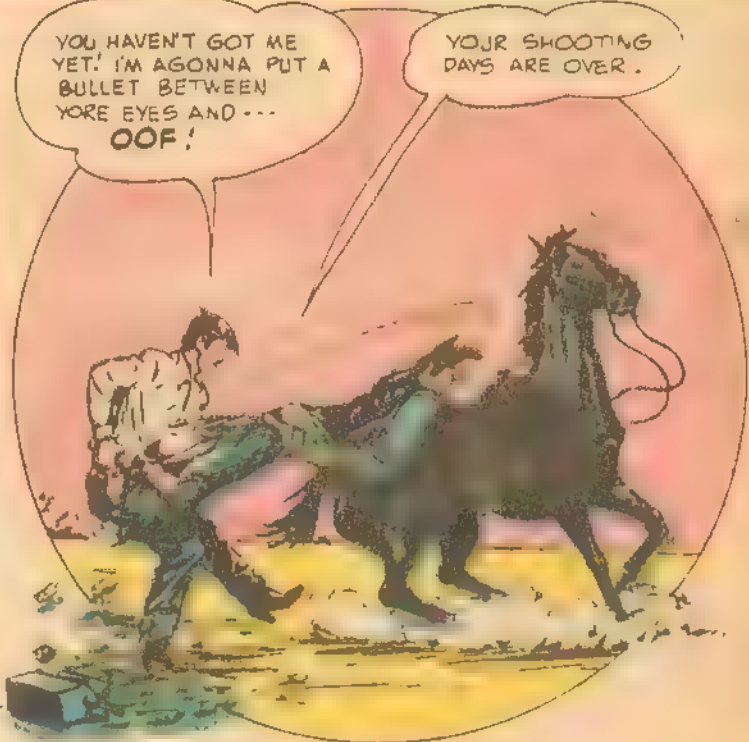
AT YOUR SERVICE --- YOU NO-GOOD, MURDERING RATTLESNAKE! I'VE CAUGHT YOU WITH THE STOLEN MONEY!

THUD!



YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET! I'M AGONNA PUT A BULLET BETWEEN YORE EYES AND --- OOF!

YOUR SHOOTING DAYS ARE OVER.



WHEN YOU WAKE UP, YOU'RE GOING TO BE BEHIND BARS!

UGH!

POW!



LATER ---

I'M SORRY I SUSPECTED YOU, BUFF, BUT HATCHETT MADE IT LOOK BAD FOR YOU. BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW I'D AS SOON JUMP OFF A CLIFF AS CONVICT AN INNOCENT MAN!

I KNOW THET NOW ROCKY! THOSE WERE LES HE TOLD ME! YORE THE BEST FRIEND AN HONEST MAN HAS IN THE WEST.



TROUBLE IN THE BULL RING

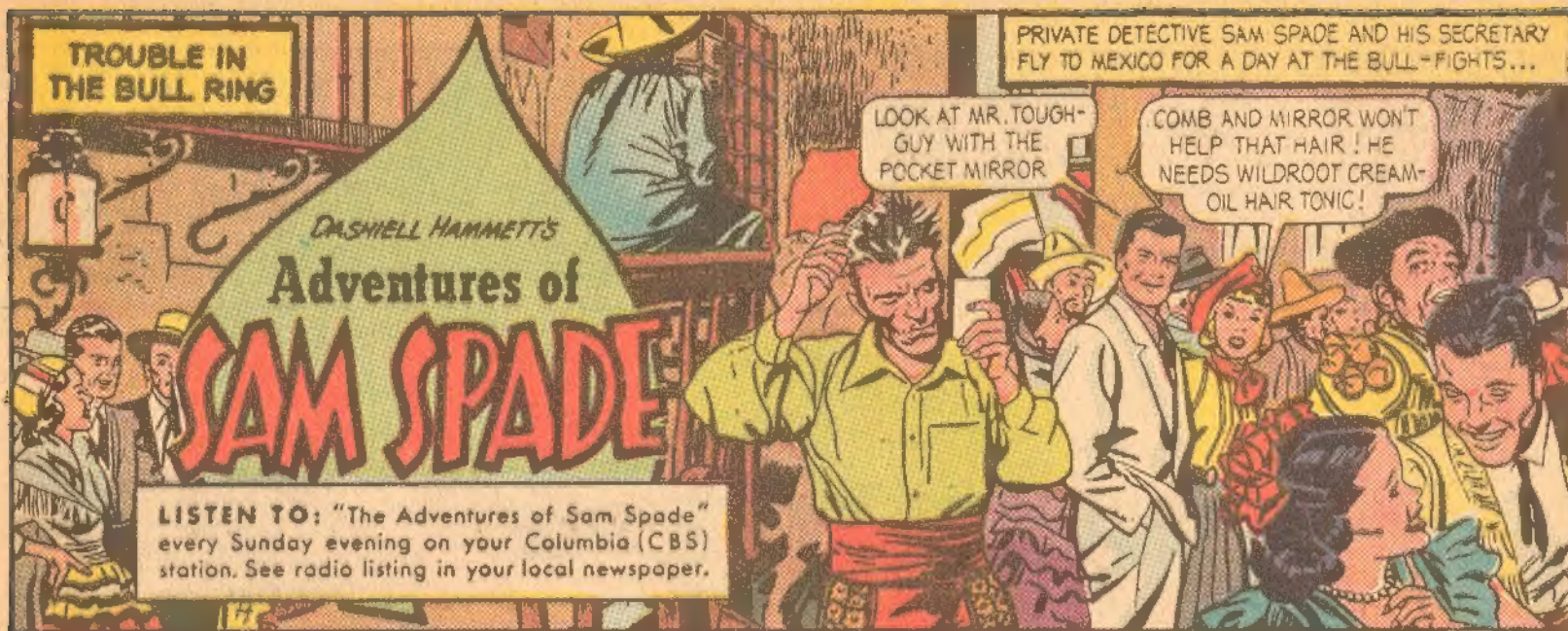
PRIVATE DETECTIVE SAM SPADE AND HIS SECRETARY FLY TO MEXICO FOR A DAY AT THE BULL-FIGHTS...

DASHIELL HAMMETT'S
Adventures of SAM SPADE

LISTEN TO: "The Adventures of Sam Spade" every Sunday evening on your Columbia (CBS) station. See radio listing in your local newspaper.

LOOK AT MR. TOUGH-GUY WITH THE POCKET MIRROR

COMB AND MIRROR WON'T HELP THAT HAIR! HE NEEDS WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC!



BOY! WHAT TIMING!

MANUEL CAN HANDLE 'EM, SWEETHEART!



SAM... THAT BLINDING FLASH!

...LIKE A MIRROR-MANUEL CAN'T SEE THE BULL!




SAM AND EFFIE RUSH TO WHERE THEY HAVE CARRIED THE INJURED BULL FIGHTER...

HOLD IT, BUD! LOOK OFFICER-A MIRROR!

SO...SO! THAT'S WHAT BLINDED MANUEL!



THE COP'S SAY HE'S MAD BECAUSE MANUEL STOLE HIS GIRL

YEAH...LET'S GO HOME WHERE GUYS BEAT COMPETITION WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL AND A FEW KIND WORDS



SAM SPADE ASKS:
CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE FINGERNAIL TEST?

TRY IT! SCRATCH YOUR HEAD. IF YOU FIND SIGNS OF DRYNESS AND LOOSE, UGLY DANDRUFF YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC. NON-ALCOHOLIC --CONTAINS SOOTHING LANOLIN

EFFIE SAYS:

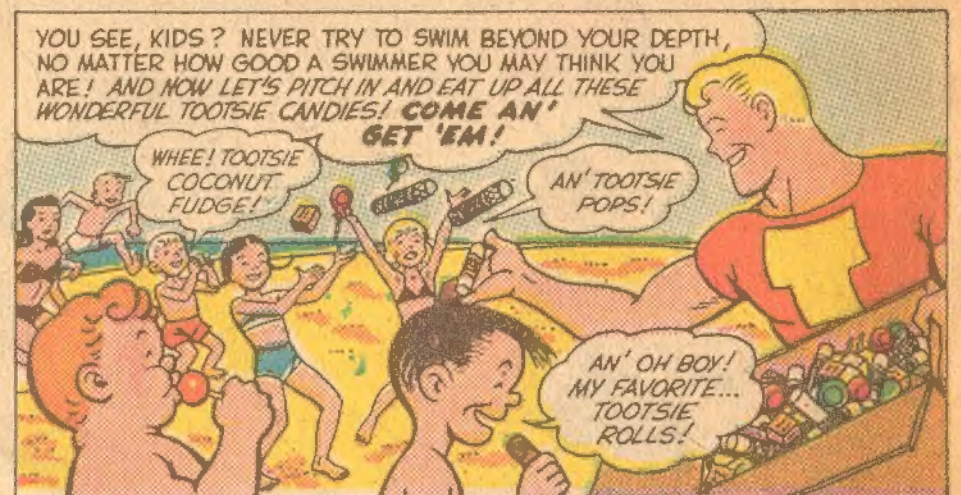
SMART GIRLS USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FOR QUICK GROOMING AND FOR RELIEVING DRYNESS BETWEEN PERMANENTS. MOTHERS FIND IT WONDERFUL FOR TRAINING CHILDREN'S HAIR



Captain Tootsie

TO THE RESCUE!

BY C.C. BECK



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State _____ Month of Birth _____

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